



The Earl of Barrymore

Published as the Act directs April 3-1793 by H.D. Symonds. Paternoster Row



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THE LIFE
OF THE LATE
EARL OF BARRYMORE.

INCLUDING

A HISTORY OF THE
WARGRAVE THEATRICALS;

AND

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES

OF

EMINENT PERSONS.

BY ANTHONY PASQUIN, ESQ.

THIRD EDITION,

CORRECTED AND MUCH ENLARGED.

Rien n'est beau que le Vrai,
Le Vrai seul est aimable.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR H. D. SYMONDS, N° 20, PATERNOSTER-ROW:

M. DCC. XCH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE rapid sale of a very large impression of this Life, in a few days, has emboldened the Author to render it, in this Edition, more perfect, and he flatters himself more acceptable to the public, by the addition of an hundred original anecdotes.—To remove vulgar prejudices; to oppose the circulation of unauthorized trash: to establish truth, and to reclaim the profligate, were the motives that impelled him to give the world this biographical trifle. One of the greatest Divines of the present day has been pleased to affirm in writing, "That it is the best literary present that a parent can send a child, as it combines more morality and pleasantry, than any other publication extant."

✂ The public are requested to be particular in sending for "PASQUIN'S LIFE OF LORD BARRYMORE," as there are some catchpenny accounts of him in circulation!

THE
LIFE
OF THE LATE
EARL OF BARRYMORE.

AH, Friend! the passing years, how fast they fly!
Nor can the strictest piety
Defer encroaching age,
Or Death's resistless rage:
The prince and peasant of this world must be
Thus wafted to Eternity.

HOR. ODE XIV.

IN the succeeding detail of disjointed anecdotes and reflections, I must require an indulgence from the peruser which I never claimed before, though it might have been uniformly necessary; that is, as writing now from the *heart* more than the *head*!—the abrupt deprivation of the best friend I ever had (and a better no man ever knew) weighs too heavily upon my understanding to admit of those vigilant and frequent appeals to the judgment, which all should make, who would prefer the credit of writing well, to the indulgence of a wild and abandoned sorrow.

B

RICHARD,

RICHARD, late Earl of BARRYMORE, Viscount BUTTEVANT, and Baron BARRY, of the kingdom of Ireland, was born August 14th, 1769; he succeeded to the title and estate August 1st, 1773; was chosen Member for *Heytesbury*, in Wiltshire, at the commencement of the present Parliament; and died on March 6th, 1793. His estate and title descend to the Honorable HENRY BARRY, who is now with his brother, the Honorable AUGUSTUS BARRY, and his sister, Lady MELFORT, at the family seat of Castle Lyons, near Rathcormuck, in the county of Cork, in Ireland. A few months since he went on an excursion to *Gretna Green* with Miss GOULDING, niece to Lady LADE; a young lady of much personal beauty, and adequately accomplished.

HIS CHARACTERISTICS.

His highly polished mind received its first classical embellishments under the successful tuition of the Rev. Mr. TICKELL, at *Wargrave*; at the age of fourteen he was removed to Eton, where his erudition was confirmed; and (had his life not been prematurely abridged) his passport to celebrity indubitably secured. Discretion had planted her choicest seeds in his understanding, which
took

took root, and began to emerge; but he was destroyed ere the fertility and richness of the soil became palpable by a full harvest, acceptable to Wisdom and to Honor.—His acuteness of penetration was indisputable—his equanimity of temper was never ruffled but in cases of meanness or oppression—he was bursting hourly from the *chrysalis*, and would have been soon in full beauty, wing and request.

He was supposed to have expended, in the course of five years, very near three hundred thousand pounds, and what will appear very extraordinary is, that in the midst of this ocean of extravagance, he was himself, one of the most temperate men, in regard to eating and drinking, I ever accompanied!—he would occasionally dress himself like a French cook, with a white cap, bag, apron, knife, &c. and invite a select party to sup with him, for whom he would dress a fowl, sausages, soup, and salad in various ways, with as much address and skill as *Lebeck* in old times, or *Daubigny* in modern manners!

Lord Barrymore was upwards of six feet in height; he had very large bones, and was very thin: his agility was such, that I have heard, no man in the country could equal him in feats of activity: yet he run a hundred yards in Kensington Gardens with Lord Paget,

and lost the wager!—I have seen him repeatedly put one hand on the saddle of his horse and vault over him:—he was not so intrepid in either a fox chase or swimming as the present Earl, who, though lame, seems unconscious of dread, in any situation, however perilous!

When about eighteen years of age, he would take some spirited companion, and go in the middle of the night to the circumjacent villages, and by means of a ladder, shift the signs of the public-houses, by carrying the King's Head to the Three Jolly Anglers, and the Three Jolly Anglers to the King's Head!—in whatever place he sojourned, he created some diversion for the laboring poor in the afternoon; he either instituted a match at cricket or quoits; gave a hat to be grinned for through a horse collar; a pair of shoes to the best cudgeller; or a dowlas smock to the most fleet *Atalanta* in the hundred.

Like some beneficial preparation in chymistry, half finished, what he was to have been, in the conclusion, was not universally understood—his passions had been thrown too hastily into the resolving crucible of action, when the fire was too intense and too consuming—the gradual simmerings proper for the healthful combination of warring particles, were not attended to by those
who

who should have been the guardians of his constitution! had he lived long, he would have lived to brighten humanity—he would have formed a relative confederacy between the different spheres of the imagination and the prescriptions of science—the lawless fancy of Lucretius, would have been rejected for the more calm champions of moral beauty. His powers of associating thought and judgment were admirable—he was even patient under the solution of Euclid's problems, when he considered that solution necessary to his private pride of character, or the more immediate claims of necessity. When he believed it proper to ruminate, the intricate calculations of algebra were quickly unknotted by a perception, wonderfully operative to the accomplishment of a scholar's desire. The Attic serpent unfolded itself upon demand, and curvettèd beneath the beam of his mind!

His domestic affairs have been long under the guidance of Mrs. DELPINI, and I verily think her conduct has been highly advantageous to her employer. He resided, when in town, at *Wood's Hotel*, in Covent Garden; and generally dined and supped at the *Bow Street Coffee House*, because he had the utmost reliance on the good sense and integrity of the landlord.

Notwithstanding the prevalence of an opposite sentiment in the world, he was not indiscriminately prodigal,
but

but morally generous; and had all his beneficence been literally chronicled, it would appear as the effort of discernment. He read the characters of men with as much accuracy as *Bruyere*; and scorned those who were uncandid, unfeeling, or unjust. On the day he died he was to have stood sponsor to Mr. JOHNSTONE, the Comedian's infant daughter, but his military duty prevented his attendance.

In what was relative to religion in general, or the revelations in particular, he was the most guarded man in his sentiments I ever knew. Those sensualities in which he indulged, and which youth and constitution rendered venial, never estranged him from the recollection that every man feast, like *Damocles*, with the sword of ruin suspended over him by the fine-spun thread of Destiny. The pageantries of life and the bubbles of vanity should be held nearly as contemptible by all those who feel properly, that the funeral of the body may be immediate to its agency in error.

His estates, amounting in the aggregate to ten thousand pounds a year, have been the last two years under the guidance of Mr. HAMMERSLEY, the Banker, who allowed him annually two thousand five hundred pounds; the remainder were held in sequestration for his creditors. He, peradventure, played about the altar of Licentiousness,

ness, but never sacrificed his honor at the fane; his vivacity often forced him beyond the precincts of Moderation, yet he never remained long in the enemy's country, or became a systematic rebel to Propriety, but returned with rapture to the head quarters of Reason:—though the governing compass of his mind was sometimes deranged by the concussions of accident, it was soon becalmed, and pointed to the polar star of Rectitude.

He had the goodness to visit me in trouble, and remove my embarrassments; and has repeatedly declared, that while he had a house and a bottle, his roof should protect me from the elements, and his beverage alleviate my thirst. Were my benefactor living, to recite these events would be unappropriate and fullsome; but as he is no more, were I mean enough to flatter (a vice for which I am not very notorious) the flattery must be unproductive.

His powers of elocution were very great, but that modesty, which is ever the attendant of supreme merit, prevented him from the public display of those abilities which his private friends knew to be commendatory and charming; he was mellowing rapidly from eccentricity and whim into meritoriousness and caution; every hour his judgment forged an additional link of that chain which Time would have used to coerce his passions; his
ample

ample mind would not for a moment, receive a guest so repulsive, so abhorred, as Moroseness—I believe, that at his luminous birth

“The Sun drew all such humors from him.”

The gentleness of his nature impelled him to be most civil where incivility might have proved afflictive; his distinctions on the points of administrative delicacy to the sons and daughters of Distress were admirable and exemplary; when he did a deed of generosity, he did it twice, by making the manner of presenting even more acceptable than the gift offered; he artfully contrived to participate, by language, in the benefits of that donation, which, in the luxury of feeling, he exceedingly enjoyed; he seemed to rush from the confines of self-love, and regard the worthy more than he did himself.

Could the emotions of grief restore his vital heat, my lamentations should fatigue Echo; he had, by the simple magic of a kind demeanor, so intertwined his interests about my heart, that when I heard of his untimely demolition, I felt as if its core had burst in twain; all the benefits I had received from him came rushing concentrated upon my mind, till my imagination was suspended and absorbed in woe; he was the most philanthropic, the most urbane, the most generous among men; though his deed

deed occasionally ran before his thought, yet was it sanctified by the impulse that gave it birth; he perused not the code of frigid policy for the measure of his action, but artlessly mingled in busy life, and became the point of common observation, with all the levities appertaining to unsophisticated youth playing about his character, to the prejudice of that momentary, though not unimportant fame, which is dependant on the whisperings of Envy and Malignity!

His retentive faculties were astonishing; I have known him return from a new opera, and play the overture distinctly and correctly, though he was not acquainted with the theory of music!—In our private oratorical efforts at Wargrave, upon a theme suddenly announced, he was generally the most poignant and strongest reasoner among us; upon an occasion when Mr. STONE had a tenant run away of the name of DAY, very much in his debt, it was proposed that each gentleman should write an epigram upon the occurrence; the time allowed was ten minutes, when Lord BARRYMORE eclipsed us all, by a spirited effusion that would not have dishonored *Martial*; as I cannot perfectly recollect it now, I will not injure his memory by any substitution of matter.

He despised those struggles of the aristocratic for precedence, who can only resort to the practice of insolence

for the powers of distinction. As he borrowed his superior claims to social respect from Heaven, he disdained the idea of being arranged as the slave of those local honors which may be equally administered to the idiot, the villain, and the truly noble. No man will seek to acquire dignity from external splendor, who can retire within himself, and strengthen his own felicity by his own reflection!—As the natural world is beautifully subservient to the moral, so is the gorgeousness of a valuable man only secondary to the tenor and attributes of his being.—He knew well how to make a right estimate of the durable and the transient, and adhered wisely to those comforting principles, which the favor of princes cannot establish, or the operations of Calamity overthrow.

WARGRAVE THEATRICALS.

The theatricals at *Wargrave*, though eventually so brilliant, commenced but humbly: the first performance there was Garrick's farce of *Miss in her Teens*, in which Lord Barrymore enacted *Flash*; Mr. Henry Barry, *Puff*; Mr. A. Barry, *Fribble*; and Mr. Nassau, *Miss Biddy*. This juvenile attempt was made when the eldest
of

of the *dramatis personæ* was under seventeen; the other characters were sustained by the most intelligent young men of the village. To this Thespian struggle, only the tradesmen, and the farmers and their wives were invited, as the exhibition was in a barn, and the commodiousness of the auditory not very remarkable. Eighteen months after this scenic endeavor, Lord Barrymore employed Mr. Cox, late carpenter to Covent Garden Theatre, to erect the late noble and matchless structure, which was the admiration of all who viewed it; the mechanism of the traps for pantomime could not be exceeded by art. This superb building was pulled down in the summer of 1792, and the materials sold by auction. Sir Charles Marsh, of Reading, bought the traps and scenery, which were painted by Mr. Young and Mr. Emanuel. A large stable and coach-house were erected on the scite, but never used, in consequence of that catastrophe which has caused this testimonial to be written.

Adjoining to the theatre was a lofty and spacious saloon, to which the company retired for refreshment, between the acts and at the conclusion of the performances. From a recess in the centre of this building, six men servants, dressed in scarlet and gold, delivered chocolate, coffee, tea, sweetmeats, orgeat, lemonade, &c. to all who required such a pleasant allay for a half-formed appetite.

Over the niche of the recess, the family arms of the Barrys were emblazoned in full order.

The tickets delivered for the different nights of performance in the week, were all marked with the day of the month. During the play, he took the tickets one evening at the door himself, muffled up in his great coat; when a farmer brought an order for admission that was dated for the preceding entertainment: "This ticket won't do, my honest fellow," said his Lordship; "you must get another, or, I promise you, you shall not get admittance here." "Noa," replied the other, "that's more than I bargain'd for; but, howsumdever, let me tell you a peice of my moind. I got that there ticket from one of my Lord's sarvants, to see the shew; and if so be you dunna let me in, I'll tell James the footman, and he shall get you turn'd away." "That's a serious piece of information, indeed," said my Lord; "but sure you won't be so cruel?" "Come, come," said the relenting rustic, "you seem a good sort of a decent sort of mon, and I'll tell you vhat it is now; if you'll be agreeable, vhy I'll be agreeable." "To oblige you," rejoin'd the peer, "I will be agreeable for once in my life, at least." "Then the shert of the matter is this," continued the clown; "I'll gee a shilling

“ling to let me go in, and ve’ll not say nothing at all
“no more about the matter.” The noble comedian acceded to the propofal, and honeft Hodge took his feat quietly in the theatre. Lord Barrymore told this adventure, with much glee, in the green room, at the fame time asking if he was not liable to be carried before Mr. Juftice Chafe, of Reading, for taking money at his booth without a licence from the county magiftrates! When the fturdy hind was told afterwards, that it was Lord Barrymore whom he had treated fo cavalierly, he answered, with the true fpirit of an Englifh yeoman, “Vell, an he be a Lord, vhat care I; I’s Mr. Neville’s tenant, and pays my rent when it is due, and “cares nothing for nobody. Odds rabbit it, un he “vanted to be treated like a gemman, vhy did n’t he “tell me he vas a gemman?”

At the conclufion of the play, Lord Barrymore and I have frequently difguifed ourfelves, and followed the country people out of the village, to liften to their extraordinary remarks upon the merits and demerits of the performers; and if any thing particularly objectionable was uttered, the parties always heard it at fupper, with all the innoxious exaggerations which Pleafantry could create, to keep up the ball of conviviality.

The

The following is a specimen of a *Wargrave* playbill:—

PRIVATE THEATRICALS,

WARGRAVE.

This present Tuesday, September 21st, 1790, will be performed, a Comedy, called,

THE FOLLIES OF A DAY;

OR, THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO,

Count Almaviva,

Mr. Wade.

Don Guzman,

Mr. Edwin.

Doctor Bartholo,

Captain Davies.

Antonio,

Lord Barrymore.

Basil,

Mr. Blackstone.

Figaro,

Captain Wathen.

Bounce,

Mr. A. Barry.

Double-fee,

Mr. Ximenes.

Crier of the Court,

Mr. Delpini.

The Page,

Miss Richards.

Countess,

Mrs. Rivers.

Susan,

Mrs. Rock.

Marcelina,

Mrs. Davenet.

Agnes,

Miss Davenet.

} *Of the
Theatre
Royal
Richmond.*

Councillors, &c.

The Prologue to be Spoken by Mr. Blackstone.

To

To which will be added, a Pantomime, called,

ROBINSON CRUSOE;

OR, HARLEQUIN FRIDAY.

Act First.

Robinson Crusoe,	Mr. Delpini.
Friday,	Captain Wathen.
Friday's Father,	Mr. Davis.
Pierrot,	Lord Barrymore.
Captain,	Mr. H. Barry.
Savages, Sailors, &c. &c.	

Act Second.

Pantaloon,	Mr. A. Pasquin.
Lover,	Mr. Ximenes.
Clown,	Lord Barrymore.
Pierrot,	Mr. Delpini.
Harlequin,	Captain Wathen.
Second Harlequin,	Mr. Edwin.
Father Paul,	Captain Tayler.
Ariel,	Miss Chapman.
Mother,	Mrs. Davenet.
Columbine,	Miss Richards.
Chambermaid,	Miss Davenet.
Millers, Friars, Alguazils, &c. with all the Lilliputian Characters.	

To conclude with a Dance of Children in the Temple of Hymen, in which will be introduced, by Particular Desire, the Favorite

PAS RUSSE, as performed at the Italian Opera,
By Lord Barrymore, and Mr. Delpini, of the Theatre
Royal, Covent Garden.

Overture to the Pantomime entirely new, by Mr. Dibdin. The Music under the Direction of Mr. Carter.

Previous

Previous to a complete and general representation of a new performance, we had a *dressed rehearsal*; to which all the inferior people were admitted, such as servant maids, dairy wenches, shepherds, plough-boys, &c. The auditory on such nights had a singular appearance: all the rows of the pit were filled with red cloaks and smock frocks, in chequered order; they looked like red and white cabbages arranged in Covent Garden market. It formed no inconsiderable part of our amusement to listen from the side boxes to the remarks of those idealefs, inane animals.—During the rehearsal of *Blue Beard*, they expressed, by the distention of their mouths, every emotion of amazement; when *Blue Beard* was attempting to murder *Zelica*, I heard a general murmur of horror: “I’ll be dom’d,” “Margery,” said a talkative clown, “if that ban’t DEL-
“PINI.” “Is it,” exclaimed the tremulous nymph, “vat a willin!” When I, who had the honor of playing the *Devil* on that occasion, ascended through the stage trap, there was an instantaneous shriek in a hundred different keys; the greater part realized the deception; they thought it was a peep into *Tartarus*, and blessed themselves in a cold perspiration. When I threw off my diabolical trappings, and returned to the boxes, they were holding a consultation as to the tendency of the character

character which Mr. RICHARDS filled: to remove their doubts, as I found they could not discover his mission, I told them it was the *genius* of the country, who came to protect *Zelica*. "He is woundy queerly drest;" rejoined a fellow, "may I never go to Sunning again, "if he has gotten any shoes on." "Are you surpris'd "at that you egregious blockhead," said a gentleman, "to find a genius without a shoe to his foot."

As there was no *auberge*, *caravansara*, or hotel in the village, furnished with a decent bed, all the visitors to the family, which frequently amounted to twenty, were obliged to sleep together in two small rooms, unbarred, unbolted, and unlocked; distinguished by the names of the upper and lower barracks. The time allotted for repose, was generally from five o'clock in the morning, until noon; and if any ill-starred varlet presumed to steal away from the midnight carousal, before the common signal for departure, his bands of sleep were burst asunder, by a Dutch dirge, an incantation to Hecate, or a reeking sacrifice in the tripod of his chamber, not highly agreeable to the olfactory nerves of the recreant bacchanal!—When the theatre was finished, each had his peculiar hammock inviolable.

When the season and the sun-beams authorized the proceeding, we had an aquatic *fete*, and dined on some

D

island

island between *Henley* and *Reading*, and so inebriate were the majority of the mimic crew, that had not the venerable *Thames* been auspicious to the festival, half the assemblage would have been ingulphed amid his mud.

The most select, brilliant, and satisfactory parties were held in *Blake's Wood*, near *Wargrave*, where we dined in a tent, and dressed our food like the antique hunters, often on the spot where it had been destroyed;—we had secret places marked upon the sod where the wine was buried beneath the turf, and dug up as occasion urged;—with song, catch and glee, we alarmed the feathered tenants of the grove, and met the gloomy advances of night,

“With tipfy dance and jollity.”

At some of these voluptuous orgies, *Anacreon* might have sat at the festive board without disgust.

His companionable points had singular seduction: he was not, in many of his prominent traits, dissimilar to *LORD ROCHESTER*, and the *Duke of WHARTON*, though he uttered not the blasphemies of the first nobleman, or practised the vulgarities of the other;—he was gay but not absurd, and witty but not uncharitable: he had more of what I shall denominate as *intuitive merit*,
than

than any man I ever surveyed: he was a poet, a painter, and a musician, without having waded through the accustomed preparatory ordeal!

He carried his passion for the drama to the very threshold of indiscretion; and was literally a common protector to the stage in general. He frequently performed himself, and very ably, in such characters as *Scrub*, *Hob*, *Bobadil*, and *Gregory Gubbins*. His playhouse at *Wargrave*, which he was persuaded to have pulled down last summer, had cost him upwards of sixty thousand pounds; it was universally allowed to be the most splendid private theatre in the kingdom!—his dramatic establishment was proverbially superb, and is supposed to have been the cause of several hundred thousand pounds having been expended in the vicinity of that temple of enchantment! The various mimic entertainments given there by the noble host (excepting masquerades) were as follows:

PLAYS.

The Constant Couple.	Stratagem.
Every Man in his Humor.	Battle of Hexham.
Rivals.	Merry Wives of Windsor.
Follies of a Day.	

FARCES.

Hob in the Well.	Mayor of Garrat.
Mifs in her Teens.	Poor Soldier.
Padlock.	Midnight Hour.
Guardian.	Try Again.
Apprentice.	

PANTOMIMES.

Robinson Crusoe.	Blue Beard.
Don Juan.	

The ladies and gentlemen who performed there, *Amateurs* and *Professional*, were thus:

AMATEURS.

PROFESSORS.

Lord Barrymore.	Mr. Palmer.
Hon. H. Barry.	Mr. Bannister.
Hon. A Barry.	Mr. Bannister, Junior.
Hon. Lucius Cary.	Mr. Johnstone.
Mr. Blackstone.	Mr. Incledon.
Mr. Ximines.	Mr. Munden.
Mr. Naffau.	Mr. M. Williames.
Mr. Impey.	Mr. R. Palmer.
Captain Davies.	Mr. Whitfield.
Captain Quarme.	Mr. Moses Kean.

Captain

AMATEURS.

Captain Tayler.
 Captain Davis.
 Captain Wathen.
 Captain Middleton.
 Captain Dives.
 Mr. Wade.
 Mr. Davis.
 Mr. Pollard.
 Mr. Collins.
 Mr. Angelo.
 Anthony Pasquin.

PROFESSORS.

Mr. Hollingsworth.
 Mr. Rock.
 Mr. Richards.
 Mr. Le Brun.

LADIES.

Mrs. Goodall.
 Mrs. Rivers.
 Mrs. Horebrow.
 Mrs. Rock.
 Mrs. Norton.
 Miss Chapman.
 Mrs. Delpini.
 Mrs. Hall.
 Mrs. Maddox.

Superintendant of Panto-
 mimes, &c.

Charles Delpini.

Professional Dancers,

Mr. Vestris.
 Madame Hilsberg.

Musical Composer,
 Thomas Carter.

Carpenters,

Mr. Reuben Cox,
 and six assistants.

Printer,

Printer,

Mr. Hopwood.

Prompters,

Mr. Harwood.

Mr. Le Brun.

Scene Painters,

Mr. Young.

Mr. Emanuel.

To preserve good manners among so large a body of people, of such various and contradictory habits, Lord BARRYMORE instituted a comic court of judicature, before which every offender was arraigned and tried, who had been indiscreet in the course of the day, or violated the duties of subordination: the trials usually commenced about two o'clock in the morning, and the punishments were summary, involving an event equally ludicrous and distressing—the officers were thus chosen:

Lord Chief Justice,

Anthony Pasquin.

Council for the Majesty of
Decency.

Lord Barrymore.

Council for the Prisoner,

Captain Tayler.

Mace Bearer,

John Edwin.

Jurymen,

Hon. H. Barry.

Hon. A. Barry.

Mr. Blackstone.

Captain Middleton.

Mr. Stone.

Mr. Wade.

Crier

Crier of the Court,
Charles Delpini.

Ordinary for the Culprit,
Rev. Mr. R——.

Constable,
Mr. Richards.

At a superb masquerade which Lord BARRYMORE gave to his friends, on coming to maturity, and which was honored with the presence of the Prince of WALES, and all the beauty and fashion of the surrounding counties, the following witty, though severe composition, was delivered to the company, by the fair hand of a celebrated lady—though her face and its enslaving lineaments were disguised by a vizor, her form was not rendered equivocal by the assumption of character. The Reader will not be amazed at the merit of the performance, when he understands, that the common suspicion gave it to the accomplished M——e of A——h.

A NEW
MASQUERADE BALLAD.

COME, jolly Mortals! join the croud,

Be gay, ridiculous, and loud,

Be any thing but dumb;

Let dominos be banish'd hence,

But Fun and Fancy, Wit and Sense,

In any figure come.

Sweepers who know not how to sweep,

And harlequins who cannot leap,

Old women—scarcely twenty;

Misses in teens—near six feet high,

Law, Physic, and Divinity,

And nosegay girls in plenty.

Let such as these this festive night,

To form the motley group unite,

And each with glee endeavour

(As o'er them rays of Fancy gleam)

To be the character they seem,

And, if they can, be clever.

Beauties

Beauties in vain their forms disguise,
Now to attract their lovers' eyes,
Now wishing to be seen ;
And while soft things the lover says,
The list'ning fair no blush betrays,
Behind the pasteboard screen.

In search of new adventures here,
Some tonish husbands too appear,
With eager palpitation ;
Here contradict their usual lives,
And very kindly—with their wives
May make an assignation.

Love in such tricks as these delights,
Thus archly plagues poor married wights,
Or tortures love-sick swains ;
His amplest field's a masquerade,
Here are his various gambols play'd,
His pleasures and his pains.

Let serious mortals, seeming wise,
The humors of the night despise,
And jollity upbraid ;
What harm one night a mask to wear ?
Most wear a mask throughout the year ;
The world's a masquerade.

Could we but see the little great,
And e'en the rulers of the state,
Without a mask before them;
Deluded crowds no more would bow;
With open'd eyes, they'd wonder how
They could so long adore them.

At White's mask'd ball let this fam'd set
Political chicane forget,
And leave their masks behind them;
Each be himself—but lest they err,
Let me point out each character,
As Nature first design'd them.

First, then, let —— a juggler be,
With servile ——, as deputy,
To aid his master's cheat;
Let him, as usual, then display,
His cups and balls in full array,
The engines of deceit.

Then let him on the table place
A surplus million to your face,
To prove his wonders done;
But whilst you look with longing eyes,
The heaps all vanish from your eyes,
The fancy'd million's gone.

What

What shall we give to S——y's lot,
Since Tommy T——d's name's forgot,
Nor Commons now confute him;
He's chang'd his coat, and broke his oaths,
Then let him come in *Clincher's* cloaths,
Tom Errand sure will suit him.

Let active W——d be here,
An harlequin will suit the peer,
He'll caper at direction;
From Holyhead to Dublin now
A leap he takes—and you'll allow
That's leaping in perfection.

Since D——t's duke can vainly hope
With youth and beauty still to *Cope*,
Nor single longer tarry;
Sir Peter Teazle be his due,
Consider he is fifty-two,
“And that's too old to marry.”

Let B——e, as an usher, speak
Trite, common, hackney'd scraps of Greek,
To shew his wond'rous learning;
Demosthenes he's study'd o'er,
This dubb'd him such an orator,
This made him so discerning.

Some have by time their natures chang'd,
 Their former politics derang'd,
 Nor is the fact uncommon;
 The names of Whig and Tory end,
 Time has made Wilkes a monarch's friend,
 And C——n an old woman !!!

But my tir'd muse can ne'er describe
 The whole of P——t's submissive tribe,
 Nor will I call for aid;
 Oh! may they keep their proper sphere,
 Ne'er may the servile crew appear
 At *Wargrave* Masquerade.

The chit-chat of his table was uncommonly pleasant; I have heard as many witticisms uttered there, around the bottle, as I ever did in any other company, though I have been intimate with the most brilliant personages that have existed for the last twenty years; each was ready with his *jeu d'esprit*, and those often created most merriment that were least meritorious; there was just enough of ceremony observed to make us fearless of insult, yet not enough to act coercively on the sportiveness of the imagination; every gentleman made free with his neighbour to a certain degree, and each considered *good*

humor

humor as the watch-word of Festivity; the extent of almost every inmate's capacity was measured on some sudden occasion, as it was a part of Lord Barrymore's character to be instantaneous in his resolutions, and make a public demand for a general trial of skill, when the parties required to perform were least suspicious of any similar intention.

He had fitted up apartments at his house at Wargrave in a very handsome manner, which were to have been appropriated for my use, as it was his intention to have passed a great part of his time there in writing, painting, &c.; we were to have published a periodical paper from thence, in imitation of the *Spectator*, and had made some progress in a comedy, which was to have been finished conjointly; he was to have *made* the play, and I was to have *written* the dialogue; to those who are not acquainted with the pursuits of Dramatists, this may appear as a distinction without a difference, but to those who are, it is strictly proper—the late Doctor Goldsmith told Mr. Quick, the Comedian, when discoursing upon his play of *She Stoops to Conquer*, that there was a discouraging truth between Mr. Murphy and him: “My friends,” said the Doctor, “will flatter me into the idea, that I am a good play writer, but they shall never
“persuade

“persuade me, that I am a good play maker ; now Murphy is, unquestionably, a good play maker, but at the same time I will not be understood as meaning that he is not a good play writer also.”

Lord Barrymore's taste for the *belle lettres* was known to all who knew him, but his taste for the arts was not so frequently conspicuous ; I will affirm, that no disciple of any artist ever promised to do more by the specimen of his rare talent : he and I painted his arms, crest, motto, and a variety of comical devices, upon that part of the harness which covers the foreheads of the horses. I would not have given myself so much trouble for any other gentleman for one hundred guineas ; yet it is probable they may now be sold to some indiscriminating booby, or stable keeper, who will carelessly deface our labours with as little ceremony as he would the decalogue, if inscribed in characters he could not comprehend.

I did not think him a keen sportsman, he was too impatient of gratification in all his movements, to excel in those where fatigue and patience are equally required to ensure success :—he was a bold rider, but not a uniformly bold hunter ; he has sometimes retreated from leaps, which his associates have made. I have seen him
plunge

plunge with his horse into the Thames, and swim to the other side; and a few days after hesitate to fly over a small hedge!

On the demise of his grandmother, the late Countess of HARRINGTON, a whimsical, though serious incident occurred at Eton school, the head master of which was particularly requested to break out the disagreeable news of the lady's death to her grandson, as tenderly and progressively as possible:—the method adopted by the learned principal was singular and appropriate: he called Lord BARRYMORE to him in the school-room, with an air of severe authority, and after questioning him upon the articles of his study, desired him to construe a part of Virgil, at the conclusion of which, he rejoined abruptly, "Your grandmother's ill, my Lord!"—then made his pupil proceed with another passage, at the end of which he muttered, in a lower key, "She is very ill, my Lord!" "I am extremely sorry to hear that, Doctor;" replied the noble Tyro, and read another part of his author, when the classic chief interrupted him, by a declaration, that she was dying. "Dying!" exclaimed the astonished boy. "Come, come, she is dead," concluded the master, "now you know the worst, go to your place, my Lord, and make the best of an irretrievable misfortune."

As

As a British subject, he felt as a Briton should: in the present conflict of political opinions, he was apprehensive of the over-stretched violences of either party: he was firmly attached to freedom, but dreaded the effects of licentiousness: he thought with every wise and good man in the realm, that without a due regard for the interests of subordination, we should become savage, miserable, and untractable—his great sentiment was, that liberty, corrected by reason, should be the governing principle of mankind—his vision was fatigued with dwelling upon the features of Inconstancy—he began to see, what all will know, that Vice is neither beautiful or blissful:—he found, like Socrates, that a small mansion will contain those whom a thinking man can esteem: he had no conviction of universal admiration being necessary to individual felicity—he aimed to reach happiness by the shortest road, and occasionally walked over his neighbour's field when, in strict justice, he should have journeyed in the common path.

When we were seriously discoursing, a few months since, at Salt Hill, he asked me if I did not think it extraordinary, that actors were not more unequivocally admitted to the privileges of gentlemen, especially as it was imagined by the most critical individuals, that it required a greater portion of combined merit to excel
upon

upon the stage, than in any other professional department of life?—Had he, not been a nobleman, and consequently excluded from embracing any profession, connected with vulgar responsibility, I think his genius would have propelled him to have assumed the sock, and personify the clowns and wags of Thalia.—He was accustomed to speak with rapture of the unembarrassed elegance of Mrs. Abington, and the bewitching graces of Mrs. Jordan*.—He had a great personal friendship for the elder and the younger Bannister, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Incedon, Mr. Williames, Mr. Munden,

* There has been evidently an ungenerous and active confederacy of potent persons lately to reduce, if not destroy, the professional reputation of Mrs. JORDAN; if it proceeds from any ladies belonging to the Theatre, I have only to observe, that I regret their abhorrence of an inimitable rival should drive them to such extremities of meanness; if it proceeds from any man or men, I should consider him or them as particularly debased by such unworthy proceedings. I should not, perhaps, have been so particular in my expressions of disgust and contempt, at these oppressive measures, if the parties concerned had not endeavored to make me an accomplice in the mischief, by sending some malignant paragraphs, with several guineas inclosed, for the purpose of defaming and crushing Mrs. JORDAN: but I tore the M. S. with indignation; and the persons interested may have their intended bribe returned, by producing the initials affixed to the inclosing note, at my lodgings.—Yet why should I attempt to be energetic on a subject, to which the public seem wholly indifferent?—They have witnessed the banishment of an ABINGTON with unconcern, and would the expulsion of a JORDAN and a BILLINGTON. The public appetite for theatricals is depraved, and digests oaten bread with content, while there is wheaten flour to be procured in the market!!!

and Mr. Edwin, the last of whom he particularly noticed and protected, for his filial piety, and dutiful generosity towards his mother, when she became widowed and unhappy.

In his commerce and deportment, among the more pure orders of the female world, he did not seem, as he used to phrase it himself, completely *at home*! all he had read and observed, taught him to know, that young men are most critically situated, with regard to reputation, when surrounded with the tittering Spinster and the experienced Matron!—the playfulness of freedom will give offence to the graver half, and yet not to be wantonly free, will engender ridicule in the rest: from this unpleasant entanglement of propriety and impropriety, he too frequently hurried to those Cyprian temples, where all language and manner is judged by the simple institutes of nature.

He appeared more solicitous about living merrily, than living long:—he exclaimed with the Lyrist,

Happy's the man, and happy he alone,
 He who can call to-day his own:
 He who secure within himself can say,
 To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day:
 Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
 The joys I have possess'd, in spite of Fate, are mine:
 Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
 But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Good

Good Humor had not a more firm adherent in being; his suavity, like beauty, bore the most powerful recommendation of the object possessing it! he diffused gaiety around him wherever he came, and chased Melancholy from the social field; he held it as an axiom, that a disposition to please your neighbour is the best sustenance for the nobler virtues! to be a hypocrite, was with him to be, abominable: as *Sallust* said of *Cato*, "he was more anxious to be good, than to appear so." There is not a tablet in my memory that is not impressed with the semblance of some kindness he has done me! and if ever I forget him (to quote myself, not Lord THURLOW) may Heaven forget me.

As appearances are so indubitably concurrent to the maintenance of vulgar estimation, it frequently made me regret when he sacrificed the accustomed modes annexed to peculiar situations of reciprocity, under the consciousness of his deserving well from all. While the knavish and the mean can glide smoothly along the intersecting paths of life by the mere aid of a placid visage and formal expression, the impassioned offspring of Honor shall have their intentions questioned, and their movements decried; as they have not condescended to be precisely marshalled in their actions by the dictates of Hypocrisy—as it appears, from the common

issue of circumstances, that we must either deceive or be deceived, the wily and the fallacious will ever be more temporally successful than the undesigning and the direct! Half the evils of our system are dependant upon our disregard of contingencies; and by this impolitic neglect he was too often rendered uncomfortable, if not unhappy. The publicity of his movements, like the Sun, gave to all the power of knowing when a cloud reduced his emanation.

He rather smiled at the aims of a politician, than wished to become one himself by ardent practice; the disputes that agitate the world were with him almost irrelative to his peace, his hope, or his ambition. When he read *Machiavel*, *Montesquieu*, *Locke*, *Sydney*, or *Smith*, it was rather with a view to protect himself from the impositions of Prejudice, than to become a principal in the senatorial war!—I never heard him make but one declaration of a proposed duty he meant to fulfil in Parliament; and that was, to give his vote and speak in favor of Mr. HASTINGS, whenever that vote and argument could contribute to his enfranchisement or consolation; as he believed him, from an attentive retrospect of events, to be the most aggrieved man in existence.

His munificence was ruinous; the treasury of *Craesus* would

would not have been equal to the completion of his ideas: but it was the effusion of a noble spirit, that panted to do more than man, with only mortal means. Good sense was so mingled with his errors, that half their deformities were obliterated to the mental vision of an observer. During the Ascot Heath races in 1791, he prepared two banquets for the PRINCE OF WALES, which cost him seventeen hundred guineas, but his Royal Highness was not a partaker of either; to the first came only Lord BARRYMORE and Mr. FRANCO; to the other, Lord FALKLAND and myself! When he first went to Eton school, he carried one thousand pounds in his pocket; this measure was the unqualified and weak indulgence of a too fond grandmother, and probably created those extravagant wishes which were ultimately so detrimental to his fortune.

Had he bequeathed me any legacy (which I am confident he would, had not his power of thought and action been so miserably abridged) my commendations of his principles and manners should have been more limited; but I assuredly may indite every thing consistent with truth now, without incurring the imputation of lauding from any unworthy motive. Among the malignant many who would be happy to stigmatize superior beings, there are those who wish even to insult the ashes
of

of my departed friend: but to pass through existence without having a malevolent mob eager to misrepresent your pursuits, and vilify your integrity, is to pass through existence without any prominent feature of greatness, or determination as to what you will admit as good, and what as evil.

The inconveniencies which Lord Barrymore too frequently felt, arose, principally, from his having been ushered into life too soon—ere the judgment was sufficiently powerful to take proper cognizance of his action: but faults committed at such a period are to be compensated for by Time—the midway follies of youth should be inscribed with perishable matter, and mentioned with an accompanying sentiment of charity. I have often heard, and in some sort believe, that the worst old men have been those who were unremittingly discreet in their youth: if juvenility refuses the passions fair play, the nature of the man will seldom be accordant with generosity. He never entered into any scene of party-coloured society, as many do, predisposed to be miserable, but predetermined to be happy. Our leading propensities are natal, and almost as difficult to be resisted as the enjoyment of our senses.

I have not known any great or publicly-marked character who could descend to the cold mansions of the
grave

grave without having his most estimable points doubted, and his attributes misplaced and perverted, by the cunning, though baneful efforts of Envy; they have all had their partial admirers, and their partial defamers—been loved, pitied, honored, despised, and mourned! I believe, if a man were to shut himself up from the peery eye of Observation in an inaccessible mountain, that if his name should become the theme of social enquiry, there are many who would loquaciously give his history, though they never had his acquaintance; and that the bulk of mankind would eagerly give currency to a chain of fallhoods that were fabricated by Officiousness, and indorsed by Slander.

The first Friday in every month a jocund party met him at the Rose Inn in *Oakingham*; this meeting was called, ‘The *Forest* Catch Club,’ and was productive of much harmony and conviviality, to both of which he contributed in an eminent degree. Nearly every *bon vivant* in the metropolis, the vocal performers of the theatres, and the gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood, were members of this association.

About eighteen months since he gave a considerable sum of money to build a room at *Reading*, for the purpose of debating upon a pre-mentioned subject; where
a numerous

a numerous company met every Monday evening: the principal speakers were, Lord Barrymore, Mr. Annesley, Mr. Finch, Mr. Fawkes, &c. At some of these trials of oratorical skill, I have heard him as logically demonstrative as any of the veteran senators in the second and third estates of the realm.

He passed every summer at Brighthelmstone, in company with the Prince, the Duke of York, Duke and Dukes De Pienne, Mrs. Fitzherbert, &c. where he was the sprightly genius of the place; his presence gave spirit to all parties, and his conversation made the apathized attentive. In 1791 he became enamoured with Miss PONSONBY, an enviable beauty, nearly allied to the houses of Devonshire and Beiborough: to this lady he paid the most scrupulous and delicate attention, and it was the general rumor that Hymer would make an illustrious addition to his votaries, by this intercourse:— I have reason to believe that Lord Barrymore was not wholly indifferent in the eyes of his peerless mistress, but the affair was unluckily broke off, perhaps, in consequence of a parental investigation of the pecuniary circumstances of the impassioned nobleman, which, it must be confessed, were at that epoch in such a deranged state, as made it very difficult to reduce them to either certainty or order.

A few

A few days previous to his extinction, Mr. POWNEY, lieutenant colonel of the Berkshire militia, informed his Majesty, that he had not a better officer in his regiment than Lord BARRYMORE; which information pleased the King so much, that he declared he would seize the first opportunity of promoting him!—his merit was very unrestricted; he met the exigencies of the moment with a promptitude and adequateness that has frequently astonished me:—no man has been treated with more asperity and illiberality in the diurnal prints than himself, but he constantly smiled at the incessant vindictiveness of his little enemies, who became more bold, coarse, and intolerable, in proportion as he was nobly passive and unheeding!—He did so much in honor of a certain personage, that had he not stopped short in his career, I fear the consequence would have debased himself. Besides, it did not appear to me, that the august object of his devotion, had a clear and full sense of all the young and spirited *Mæcenæ*s intended! and to do a favor, and not have it well understood, is somewhat mortifying to an obliging spirit: but the conspicuous gentleman was then supposed to be unaccountably entangled and floundering in the net of a lovely *Bacchante*, more noticeable for the captivation of her song, than the continence of her sentiment.

The *allures* of self-estimation, so commonly hurtful to young men in general, never debauched his thought: he did not even appear to *think* himself entitled to commendation!—our intimacy commenced by his requiring me to furnish him with poetry and colloquy for his varied amusements; but I found him so estimable and mistaken, that I rejected every attempt on his part, to give me a pecuniary reward, that I might the more effectually fulfil the character of his monitor, which I firmly exercised whenever I discovered him inclined to enact what I imagined would be injurious to his dignity:—on one of these occasions, I rebuked so freely some miscreant sycophants who were impelling him to insult a worthy clergyman and his family, that I laid the foundation of one of the most desperate and foul conspiracies that ever was formed to assassinate a *lame* man; but when I pinned the principal down to a serious trial of his manhood, his cowardice was equal to his cruelty; I *challenged, posted, and dishonored* him!—the meaner but more perfidious ruffians aiding in this inhuman affray, have eluded justice, as by this violent and deceitful measure I had offended against those laws which a wiser man would have resorted to in the first instance, for an ample and complete redress.

In

In the various rencounters in which I have been engaged, from my virtue and my intemperance (and I have had my share) I have never been so dangerously pursued and environed, as by those ungenerous and unmanly reptiles, who became my implacable foes, in consequence of my steady opposition to their dirty and degrading labour to feed his improprieties, that they might, through that medium, make an inroad in his purse. His connection with Mrs. H——s, was suggested, negociated, and settled by Mr. ———, for which very reputable service he received fifty guineas;—the lady had eight hundred:—to prevent unnecessary trouble, the arrangements were thus made by the officious Mercury, and duly observed by the parties; the lady was to be driving her phaeton on the Hammer Smith road, at a particular hour, when Lord Barrymore was to ride up, say some civil things, and intreat the honor of driving her to the place of destination. This anecdote Lord Barrymore indignantly and warmly told me, in the presence of several gentlemen, in consequence of the ignoble wretch alluded to, having had the folly and audacity to request, that my name might be erased from the Claret Club, because he felt that I constantly treated him with supreme scorn.

A very apposite instance of his quickness of conception and epigrammatic powers, happened a few meetings since at Newmarket: he had made a considerable engagement with the Duke of Bedford, the conditions of which were, that a horse belonging to another gentleman should be matched with one belonging to the Duke, and run the next day: but in this proceeding, Lord Barrymore had reckoned without his host, for on communicating the business to the third person, he refused his assent to the measure; as it was a play or pay match, Lord Barrymore was preparing in the Jockey Club to discharge the obligation, when the Duke very good-naturedly proposed, that if Lord Barrymore would make a song upon his unaccommodating associate, the first letter of each line comprehending the name of the party, with the annexed term of esquire, and the place of his abode in town, he would let him off from the obligation of payment:—Lord Barrymore immediately acceded to the proposal, wrote the song required, and sung it before the Club, who heard it with rapture and applause.—I regret, that from considerations of delicacy towards the gentleman in question, I am prevented from inserting this poignant composition, as it would not only do honor to my departed friend, but afford general pleasure from its numerous witty and well-managed points.

It

It was a remarkable declaration made by *Saint Evremond*, "That the last sighs of a pretty woman, were " more for the loss of her beauty than her life."—And had Lord BARRYMORE been sensible at the moment, previous to his passing that bourn from whence no traveller returns, I am certain, that his last sighs would have been more for not having matured his reputation, than for the forfeiture of his being!—to speak truly, he was too fond of procrastination; and though activity was his primary characteristic, yet that activity was displayed more in the whim of the moment, than the important demands which the understanding should make upon the minor faculties.

He always appeared to me, in principle, as a most honorable man, but never more than by his uniform resistance to the verbal degradation of the absent or the unfortunate: his large heart would swell with anger, when he perceived the subtleties of resentment tending to the depression of the defenceless—he well understood that the reputation of the best might be injured by the machinations of the worst, and consequently drew an inference, in which the evidence of ill-nature was softened by the intervening delicacy of his own disposition. His forbearance, where he had the powers of punishment, always pleased me:—the larger portion of human

human nature affect to be surpris'd that puissant men are tyrants; for my part I am always surpris'd when such men are not so, yet not from any love of despotism, but because I know our infirmities and aptitudes impel us, almost irresistibly, to be what we should not, and take advantage of every incident to establish a confessed superiority.

It was a celebrated axiom with an antient prince, that we have two souls, one leading us to vice, and the other to purity:—there are many living now who do not entirely reject the Rosicrucian system, and believe that we are forced into action by the administration of a supernatural and intermediate minister!—it requires some faith of this tendency to reconcile the variety of habitudes that constitute the human character, but more especially as it appears subtly incongruous in artificial life.—Yet I only admit these curvettings of thought, as the ramifications or diminutive branches of principle, as the root itself is steady and immutable. Virtue, like the temperature of the blood, is equally propelling, invigorating and warm, in the frigid and the torrid zone.—Lord BARRYMORE has frequently exhibited all the imbecilities of youth in the morning, and all the goodness of a reflecting sage in the evening, with this impolitical variation, that the rude million could gaze upon

upon his improprieties, as they were usually committed in the blaze of day, but could not take cognizance of his deeds of pitying sympathy, as he hid them most cunningly from the general eye.—In his very boyish days, he had received some kindnesses, at Wargrave, from a brave, learned, weather-beaten old foldier, Captain JOSIAS TAYLER; several years had elapsed since the little attentions had been enacted (but they were properly felt and properly remembered) when he understood that this Belifarius of the village, had been arrested for debt, torn from his numerous family, and confined in the King's Bench Prison: the unwelcome news touched the benevolent chord of his heart like electricity; he flew to the prison, and made an immediate tender of his pocket-book, to liquidate the debt, and restore him to his wife and children; a proposal which Captain TAYLER gratefully rejected, as the suit was oppressive and unjust. Though Lord BARRYMORE was baffled in this generous effort, he contrived, with becoming delicacy, to make such an arrangement as rendered the captive gentleman's situation less inconvenient and less afflictive!

He seemed naturally inclined to the perusal of romances, and I believe he read the Arabian Nights Entertainments and *Les Contes de Boccace* oftener than any other

other publication. He has affirmed to me, that if his religious prejudices had been consonant with the church of Rome, he would have paid for masses having been said to tranquilize the spirits of those defunct authors whose works had made the living happy. This was the sentiment of a comprehensive and illustrious mind, indirectly opposing the ridiculousness of monkish customs, but maintaining the essence of remunerative gratitude.

DELPINI told us a Venetian story, which he asserted to be literally true, and which Lord Barrymore meant partially to introduce in a pantomime—the events were these: in the neighbourhood of St. Mark's there resided a pastry-cook, who became very rich in consequence of selling small meat pies, the flavor and zest of which were uncommonly gratifying; they were sought for so eagerly through the republic, that the man could not find materials to make a number adequate to the general demand. Various were the conjectures as to the contents of those pies; some thought they were veal, some ortolans, and others imagined there might be a mixture of both; every baker endeavoured to make similar luxuries, but all failed. During the progress of this man's culinary fame, it was observed, that many children had been lost in the city; it was a matter, at last, of public consternation; the police did all they could to discover

discover their retreat, but in vain, and the streets were crowded with bewailing mothers. At length it pleased Heaven to unravel the mysterious evil. One of these pies being opened at the table of a senator, the joint of a child's finger was found amidst the pastry. This discovery created a common horror; and the idea instantly occurred, that the baker was the monster who had entrapped and destroyed the missing infants: a party of soldiers were immediately ordered to examine the premises, when, after a long search by torch-light, they could find no other proof to justify the presumed guilt, and were on the eve of departure; when suddenly one of their party disappeared and they could not find where, until they seized the baker by the throat, and threatened him with instant death if he did not shew them where their companion was enveloped; the wretch complied, and led them to a sliding trap-door, which covered a deep and gloomy vault, upon which he had heedlessly stepped, and been swallowed up; they descended by means of a bucket, and found the soldier, stretched upon the bodies of various dead children, recently massacred. Upon this unerring testimony of the diabolism, savageness, and enormity of the cook and his family, the senate ordered the doors and windows of the house to be chained and barred, and surrounded with the army;

H

who

who joyfully set fire to the building, which, with all in it, was consumed to the ground, and an obelisk raised upon the ashes, significant of the atrocity and the conflagration.

LORD BARRYMORE had some secret enemy or enemies, who have been most actively malignant even since his powers of offending Insignificance have been arrested by the chilly minions of Death! they would (if they could) have pursued him to the tomb, and shamefully insulted those atoms, which in a state of action, never permitted an insult to be perpetrated without a consequent repellant: the method they adopted was, by fabricating false and obnoxious paragraphs, and sending them to the new-papers anonymously, accompanied with a considerable *douceur*; but the most virulent articles have been kindly sent to me, and the vipers have been biting a file: they were so licentious in tendency, that had any been incautiously inserted, it would have subjected the printer to a heavy and painful retribution.—He might have replied to his calumniators like the Grecian cynic: Diogenes was accused by some worthless fellows of having been originally a coiner of base money, to which insolent accusation he made the following dignified reply —“ It is possible for me to have been what you are, but “ you can never be what I am.”

HIS

HIS MONEY CONCERNS.

The periodical publications have teemed with paragraphs, asserting, that large assurances were made upon the life of Lord BARRYMORE, and that three years since those books of the funds were closed with respect to him: the unvarnished fact is, that at the time of his Lordship's death, no insurance was made at any public office, or with any private under-writer, for any sum of money, unless it was something very inconsiderable indeed; for I speak from indisputable authority, that the annuities which had been granted by Lord BARRYMORE were all paid off previous to his death. His annuities amounted to about two thousand pounds per year; Lord FIELDING and Mr. HUGH WHITE were his securities for two hundred pounds annually; Lord BARRYMORE paid that off about five months since. Mr. DAVIS paid six thousand pounds to Mr. SIMMONDS, in discharge of an annuity of one thousand a year, at the same period. Mr. BULLOCK paid off an annuity of two hundred and fifty pounds to Mr. WATTS; and Mr. COLLINS, in the same month, dis-

charged an annuity of two hundred and fifty pounds granted to Mrs. ROFFEY. These are the whole of the annuities ever granted by Lord BARRYMORE, and being all liquidated, the policies were, consequently, cancelled. His Lordship had raised, previous to his death, one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, by way of mortgage, for the purpose of discharging all special debts; and the principal part of the unsatisfied creditors had taken securities upon the equity of redemption of his Lordship's estate, payable, with five *per cent.* interest, at the expiration of ten years. To this security every fair creditor might accede; and the majority readily assented to the measure, and with very great justice to themselves, as the security is ample, and the letter of it will be duly fulfilled: perhaps, with less discretion than generosity, his Lordship only looked at the sum total, and gave them in full *whatever* they charged, as a sort of compensation for their having waited beyond the allotted time of credit for their money. I will venture to assert with confidence, and I challenge any to disprove the assertion, that very few men have ever quitted the world so little in debt as Lord BARRYMORE, whose expences were so unlimited; and it may be some consolation to the unsatisfied claimants of the late Earl of BARRYMORE to know, that there is sufficient
personal

personal property to answer the few demands that can be made. As this statement is fair and undeniable, how contemptible, how villainous, how satanic is it to load the character of this unfortunate, this excellent young nobleman, with opprobrium, and that opprobrium erected on a false basis. But who can restrain the dirty movements of Tradition and Illiberality ?

The readiness with which he pardoned an injury was eminently expressive of the tenderness and philanthropy of his disposition ; he scarcely required any humiliation on the part of the offender : but the pleasure arising from the forgiveness of another's weakness is one of those calm transports totally incomprehensible to little minds.—A few years previous to Mr. HUME's death, a woman called repeatedly upon him, at his house in Edinburgh, and desired, with great earnestness, to be admitted to his presence. At length Mr. HUME complied with her request, when she reproved him with great bitterness for his ascribed infidelity, and gravely assured him, that he would inevitably be damned if he did not reform. Mr. HUME listened with much patience until she had finished her exhortation, and then enquired who she was, and finding that her husband kept a tallow-chandler's shop, the good-humored philosopher told her, that in recompence for her kind intention, he
would

would buy his candles at her shop during the remainder of his life, and then dismissed his female reprovcr. A man of lesser genius would have been angry on such an occasion; but Mr. HUME, like Lord BARRYMORE, was accustomed to think of error with pity.

At the last general election he stood candidate to represent the borough of Reading, in Berkshire; and though his nomination took place but two days before the poll commenced, so much was he esteemed and beloved by the inhabitants, that he only lost the contest by a very inconsiderable majority on the part of his opponent Mr. NEVILLE, who had been their former member. This must be considered as a great compliment to his personal worthiness, when the respectability of his adversary is taken into the scale of thought.

He was the best gentleman coachman and jockey in the kingdom. I have been frequently conveyed by him, in his phaeton and four, over cross roads in the country, in the middle of the night, when it has been so dark that we could scarcely perceive the leaders; but so great was my reliance on his skill, that I was never apprehensive of any disagreeable accident; nor was he, though remarkably alarmed if driven fast in a hackney chaise by the post-boys of an inn: he had been overset in a common chaise in Wargrave, with Mr. HARRIS
and

and Mr. TAYLOR, who were much bruised, and it did not appear from his consequent cautions, that the discomfiture had been wholly obliterated from his recollection.

When I first had the honor of visiting Lord Barrymore, he seemed too much absorbed in the pitiful but calamitous species of ambition, of

DOING THINGS IN STYLE.

The magnificent blandishments, graces, and fascination, which have marked the splendid career of the PRINCE OF WALES, have made him the innocent cause of much distress to many.—Lord Barrymore was not wholly uninfected by this imitative *mania*; but it should be considered, that what may be proper for the heir apparent may not be necessary for the subject.—I have heard that the Prince has adopted many seeming extravagances in the article of dress, for the noble purpose of promoting trade, which it would have been a sort of lunacy for many of his admirers to have literally copied.—I am so disgusted with the phrase of *living in style*, that I never hear it applied to any now, without instantly concluding that the parties are wilfully scudding into the embraces of private ruin or public shame!—
this

this intoxicating influence cost poor H——e his life, and P——e his reputation:——and the great misery annexed to the idea, arises from the painful knowledge, that it infects all degrees of society, from Grosvenor-square to Bevis Marks.—If we reconnoitre around us, how ludicrous, and how remote from common sense, are the pursuits of all!

This phrase, though in common use among all ranks of people, is not generally understood: as the various situations of the *stylish*, make them differ materially in their various ways of obtaining local pre-eminence over their neighbours.

The DUCHESS thinks, that *living in style*, consists in breakfasting at three o'clock in the afternoon, dining at eight, playing at Faro till four in the morning, supping at five, and going to her dormitory at six!—to have a *bidet* in warm weather, and green peas in January:—in making a half curtsy at the creed, and a whole curtsy to a scoundrel:—In wearing a six months pad*, tacitly
reflective

* In consequence of the present preposterous rage among our spinners for abdominal protuberances, the following advertisement extraordinary appeared in the WORLD on the first of April:—

PADDY,

(HIS NAME BEHIND THE DOOR)

ORIGINAL Patentee of the present fashionable Paps, begs leave to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that he has just completed

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reflective on her Lord's powers—and emptying a shew-glass at GRAY's to dazzle rural gentility!—in giving fifty pounds to an exotic Capon, for a pit ticket, and treating the claims of a parental actor of Britain with scorn—to seem ignorant of the Mosaic law, and lisp to accomplish singularity—to laugh when she should weep, and weep when she should be merry—to leave her cards of compliment with her intimates, yet wish half of them extinguished in the same instant—to name the community with disrespect, and think the sacrament a bore!

The DUKE imagines he *does things in style*, by paying all debts of honor, and few honorable debts—by being liberal in a public subscription to a person he never

an extensive and curious assortment of LADIES PADS, happily adapted to all Ages and Sizes, and imitating the picturesque forms of Pregnancy in all its months.

As several ignorant persons have taken upon them to sell Pads, pretended to be PADDY's, he thinks it proper to insert this caution; his real Pads may be easily known from others, as being the closest Imitation of Nature, and by some thought even to go beyond it.

PADDY's ware is so artfully contrived, that the gender of the fetus may be known by the deception. Those Ladies who are Batavian built must pay in proportion.

His much-approved TWIN PADS for Court Dress, may be had as usual. Good allowance to Boarding Schools, or to those who take quantities. Ladies in the country may be accommodated by sending their Dimensions and good Bills at sight.

N. B. Old Pads repaired by the year or month. Also bought or exchanged.

* * * Wanted an assistant in the Pad Line. A Lad of good Morals will be preferred.

law, and harsh and uncomplying to a private supplicant—by leaving his *vis a vis* near the door of a courtesan, that he may have the credit of an intrigue with a meretricious biped—in using an optical glass for personal inspection, though he could ascertain the horizon without any—in counteracting Nature and Virtue in all his prejudices—in calculating the lives in the red book, and watching the importation of *figurantes* from the continent—in asserting that a man of fashion is an animal privileged above retribution, and amenable only to himself now and for evermore—in making *ethics* and *physics* destroy each other—in conspicuously entering the theatre when the performance is nearly concluded—in walking arm in arm with a sneering jockey—in doubting if the Magi were conjurors, and burning long letters without reading their contents.

The gay PEERLING, who is barely entitled to the honors and immunities of manhood, thinks that *doing things in style*, is raising immense sums on *post obit* bonds, at the moderate premium of forty per cent:—in queering the parson at his father's table, and thumbing his maiden aunt's prayer book at the article of matrimony:—in being insolent and noisy as a *lobby lout*, at the play-house, when he has some roaring bullies at his elbow, but meek and dastardly when alone!—in extend-
ing

ing the dominion of Impudence, which was previously immense:—in buying a phæton at Hatchet's, as high as Pompey's pillar, and a dozen bays at Tatterfal's; to these he adds the society of a *tonish impure*, who publicly exhausts his treasure, and privately laughs at his follies—thus accoutred and accompanied, he dashes away through Pall-Mall, St. James's-Street, Piccadilly, and Hyde-Park, amidst the contumelies of the coxcomical, and the sighs of the worthy.

The dapper and smirking MERCER, from the purleius of the Royal Exchange (whose father had amassed a competence, by the rigid observance of the laws of œconomy, and who transmitted his property, though not his prudence, to his son) thinks it incumbent on him, as a lad of spirit, to buy a *bit of blood*, keep his *gig*, his girl, and his lodging on the skirts of Epping Forest—and as keeping his gig and his girl would afford him but a restricted pleasure, unless all the world saw them, he makes it a uniform practice to take BET, as he familiarly calls her, to all Boxing-matches, Camps, the Essex Hunt, and all the Races at Barnet, Epsom, Egham, and Ascot Heath; and though all this racing *must* eventually lead him to an unenviable place in the Gazette, he blindly rejoices in the progress and acceleration of his ruin, and clapping his arms a kimbo, the miserable

infect laughs, sings, swears, and vociferates—*Isn't this doing it in style, hey, damme?*

The GREEN GROCER in St. Giles's, who derived his important being from the auspicious efforts of a fish-woman and a link-boy, cannot think of descending to the grave, without participating the *helegant* amusements of the age—but as it has been settled by our forefathers, that there is no quarrelling about *taste*, perhaps we should not affect surprise, when different individuals vary in their ideas upon the theme.—This gentleman thinks it supreme felicity to procure a cart and a long-eared herald of foul weather, vulgarly denominated a *Donkey*; into this vehicle he conveys three chairs, some geneva, hung beef, tobacco, pipes, and a tinder-box, and then mounting with his favorite Doxy, and SANDMAN JOE, drives rapidly to the *Cow and Snuffers* at Homerton, where the blisful group take their *whiff*, their *wet*, and their *mastication*; chaunt *Nibbs's pound*, tip the Rowland for an Oliver, and then return in triumph, as proud as Cæsar laurelled, fumigating the element with mundungus—yet this is what he calls, *doing the thing in style*.

The ALDERMAN'S LADY thinks, that *living in style*, consists in teasing her husband to take a house in Portman-Square, and bidding adieu to St. Mary-Axe for

ever

ever—in *cutting* her old acquaintance, except at the City Gala on the 9th of November—in being invited to the *roué* of a Countess, where she is exhibited as a *quiz*, or *broad-but* to the gigglers—in being pilfered of hundreds in an evening, by some beggarly thieves of quality, and even thinking herself honored by the depredation!—in always being endured but never enjoyed—in bursting from the *effluvia* of train oil, salt cod, and oronooko, to a modern cabinet, decorated with the amours of Adonis, and perfumed with WARREN'S best odours—from the filthy floor of a dark counting house, to the pressure of a superb carpet, woven in the looms of Turkey—in buying Olympian dew to remove freckles—in going to the Italian Opera without either ears or understanding—in talking loud at the Play-House—and eating ice in July!

The gaudy PAPHIAN believes, that *doing things in style*, is evinced by her being bedizened like a French doll, and beplumed like a bird of Paradise—in thinking all labor derogatory, though newly allured by Vice from a milliner's compter in Bond-Street—in taking her coffee at the Theatre in public, and her supper at the Bedford: in a sedulous imitation of *Fanny Hill*, and pampering some low rascal in a corner, with the wages of her iniquity—in buying her shoes from TAYLOR, her mantaus

teaus from HOFFMAN, and her caps from BEAUVAIS—in parading the metropolis in white satin slippers after a shower, and riding when the atmosphere is serene and exhilarating.—Hapless inconstant, thus is she deluded, and thus ingulphed, till the bright scene changes and the skies lower—the dies of fortune are eventually unpropitious; she throws again and again without a main—the horrid connection is formed between her animal spirits and her empty purse—she is detected with her illicit paramour; discarded by her witless keeper, and cast into a dungeon by a clamorous mercer—there she becomes wretched, ragged, and diseased—is belched from its foul confines by an act of insolvency—turns erratic prowler for the appetites of the bestial, and finally perishes, with a sentiment of blasphemy, in an inclement night, beneath a hulk, predamned, unpitied, and unknown.

The HABERDASHER'S LADY thinks, that *living in style*, is evident in going once a year to a masquerade at *Runnelo*—in having her daughters taught French and filligree—in dancing a *minuet* at Pewterer's Hall—in having a good *slevation* in the green boxes—in going out on a Sunday in a glass coach—in engaging card-parties in Lent, and drinking Gunpowder tea.

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The BUTCHER'S LADY thinks, that *living in style*, is manifested in putting on her best bib and tucker on holidays—in making her conjugal Strephon wear a *queue* instead of a *jaspy*—in playing a rubber at *whisk* at the White Chapel Assembly—in being stewed in a Margate Hoy in the Dog Days—in turning up her nose at a notable housewife—in going to Greenwich at Easter—in being sworn at Highgate—in giving coniac and raspberries to her intimates—and eating sweet-breads every *killing-day*—

“ Thus the world wags, and every new-born year,

“ Produces fights more monstrous than the last.”

Lord BARRYMORE sometimes hired a mail coach and horses, and became the charioteer himself. I once saw a party set off for Newmarket in the middle of the night; himself on the coach-box, Mr. STONE as the passenger, and Mr. HARRIS as the guard, equipped with pistols, horn, and the other appendages necessary for such nocturnal protectors of national property.

While he remained at *Rye* with his part of the regiment, he was accustomed to invite his brother officers, Lord CRAVEN, Mr. MORRIS, Mr. PYE, &c. to a tea party

party and cards; and so æconomical was he become, and so determined in his resolutions of retrenching, that he seldom treated them with a more expensive beverage than Holland's gin and water: this was surely a great revolution in the designs and habits of a man, who, but two years since, suffered his domestics to drink Rhenish, and regale the bargemen passing on the Thames with Burgundy: an observer would then have imagined, that *Silenus* had been his Lordship's butler!

“ Stol'n from the well-fill'd vault, the sparkling wine
“ Flow'd deep, and made the drunken pavement shine.”

He taught me a particular language, which he assured me had been invented by the Dukes of BOLTON, who instructed him; its singularity was effected by a singular arrangement of one vowel and one consonant, and by this means it was wholly unintelligible to any person not knowing the secret: many persons have thought us talking nonsense, when we were really exchanging ideas often at the expence of those around us.

He had the most contemptuous opinion of those arrogant tremblers, who avoid fighting in defence of their honor, from self-created ideas of superiority, and attempt to make their assumed dignity cover their pusillanimity.

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He had as much spirit as any man breathing himself, yet would prevent those near him from fighting at all events. He told me a story of a friend of his own, who went to visit some relatives in Ireland, but, previous to his departure had resolved, that no consideration whatever should induce him to fight a duel; and, though naturally irritable and irascible, he had, nevertheless, determined to suppress, if possible, every emotion and struggle of resentment. He arrived at Dublin in the evening, and went to the theatre in Smock Alley, where two beautiful Phrynes of the metropolis laid siege to his affections, and being young and inflammable, and

“ Full of the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,”

he invited them both to sup with him at his hotel on College Green. The repast, consisting of a fowl and cranberry tart, had been scarcely placed upon the table, before the waiter informed him, that a jolman was below stairs, who called himself Captain Mackavanagh, and that he had sent up word, that the lady in the flowered tabbnet was a particular friend of his, and that he must send her down to him immediately, or he must measure swords with the parson who had put such an affront upon his honor as to take away his pet and his darling. “ The message is somewhat extraordinary,”

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said

said the stranger, "but if it must be so, it must; Madam, I wish you a good night, give me permission to accompany you to the door; and in your absence this lady and I must console ourselves as well as we can for the loss of your agreeable society." Five minutes had scarcely elapsed before the waiter re-appeared, and brought another message from the Captain, signifying, that the lady below stairs was miserable without her companion, Miss Lucy, and that she must come to her in no time. The stranger was very much nettled at this abrupt and unexpected summons, which he at first would not obey; but at length his prudence subdued his anger, and he consented to eat his supper alone. He had scarcely swallowed nine mouthfuls when the waiter entered the room with a third demand from the Captain; the purport of which was, that one of the ladies longed for the boiled fowl, and the other for the cranberry tart, and as they were both in a state of pregnancy, their wishes must be literally fulfilled. At this impertinent and preposterous requisition the stranger became exceedingly enraged; he swore, most emphatically, that he would not part with his supper on such terms for all the wh—s in the three kingdoms, or all the bullies from Cork to Antrim: but recollecting the solemn promise he had made, and being a man of his word in the strictest

strictest sense, he grumblingly consented to have the supper conveyed away; called for some water-gruel, ate it like a philosopher, and went to bed. While he was reading the papers at breakfast the next morning, a raw-boned, colossal, cadaverous, redoubted figure, with a cockade in his hat, stalked into the apartment, without any preparatory measure, and thus addressed the patient traveller, in a tone of denunciation: "My name, Sir, is Mackavanagh, and I used you like a scoundrel last night." "As you are pleased to think so, Sir," rejoined the other, "I shall not be so rude as to contradict you." "Well, that point being settled," continued the Captain, "I must now inform you, that I am come to give you satisfaction; and as I hear that you are a stranger, and may have no weapons, I have brought a case of pistols, ready charged, my dear; so the sooner we put an end to this affair the better." This was beyond his endurance; they called a coach, drove to Glasnevin, fought, and became good friends ever after.

He told me very recently, the following anecdote, which, as it is in some degree illustrative of a very formidable legal character, I shall insert: Lord TH——w meeting the late Lord Chief Baron previous to the final disposal of the seals, he thus accosted him; "Why I am

“ informed, my Lord, that you want to squat your a—e
“ on the woolfack, and I hear that Loughborough wants
“ to squat his a—e there too ; but give me leave to tell
“ you, my Lord, though you may be in such a d——d
“ hurry about the matter, that neither of you will find
“ the seat so comfortable as you may imagine.” On
Lord Barrymore’s appearing surprized that I did not
laugh at his recital, I told him, that coarse language and
coarse manners never failed to disgust me in any situation,
but more particularly when the actor was especially ap-
pointed to regulate the morals, and maintain the justice
of the age.—Politeness is the external grace of our cor-
rupted system—the rigid observance of its institutes,
like the maintenance of national credit, is a general
exertion for particular content.

Lord Barrymore, like Mr. Horne Tooke, had a pre-
sentiment, that he should not die a natural death ; and
great talents and information being attached to both
names, it is to be lamented when the augurings of ima-
gination in such men are realized.

NEWMARKET.

Lord Barrymore's *entre* upon the turf was in the year 1787, when he accompanied the Duchess of Bolton; and the first racer he bought was a filly called *Yarico*, from the late Colonel O'Kelley; with this filly he made his first match at Newmarket, against a horse of Mr. Davis's, called *Copernicus*, this match his Lordship won:—he engaged in the hazardous, but pleasureable pursuits of the turf, with that ardour and spirit to which the natural turn of his great mind impelled him upon all occasions.—From the hasty advances he appears to have made in the science of managing a racing stable, and the judgment he displayed in the engagement of his horses, he seems to have possessed a sort of intuitive knowledge of the subject; it is generally understood, that it requires long practice and great skill to conduct a stable at Newmarket to advantage: this knowledge, however, Lord Barrymore soon possessed, and a few meetings made him as good a judge, and as complete a jockey, as any upon the turf!—he knew perfectly the forms of all the horses, and made more matches, not
only

only with his own horses, but of those of the other members of the Jockey Club, than any other gentleman there; he was systematically called upon to put horses together, as the jockey phrase expresses it, that is, by *handycapping*, or in other words, fixing the weight the different horses were to carry for their age and qualifications—and in this peculiar undertaking no one was equal to Lord BARRYMORE, Mr. Fox excepted.

Lord Barrymore very soon encreased the number of his own horses, which were purchased with judgment, but at a great expence: in the year 1788, we find that his Lordship had in his stable the following horses, which he bought of Mr. Bullock: *Elm, Alarm, Jerico, Rockingham, Gray, Pumpkin, Sir Christopher*: he bought also, *Nimble*, of Mr. Vernon: *Freenow, Brewer*, and *Columbine*, from Sir John Lade: *Tipsey, Ventilator, Tinker*, and *Tiffany*, from other persons: with these horses his Lordship gave a new life to Newmarket; not a day past in the meetings that he had not several engagements:—his Lordship bought *Rockingham* at the price of three thousand guineas, he was avowedly the best horse that had appeared at Newmarket for many years, and Lord Barrymore won a great deal of money with him—the last match this famous horse ever run Lord Barrymore rode him himself, against a mare of

Mr.

Mr. Wentworth's, for 300 guineas, and won his match with great ease:—his Lordship was considered as the best gentleman rider in England; and to have the best judgment in this pursuit, as in most others in which he engaged, for in whatever he engaged he excelled.—In the year 1789, he added *Skewball* to his string, which he bought of Sir John Lade;—he bought also *Highlander*, *Skiff*, *Tom Thumb*, *Smoke the Captain*, *Pallafox*, and *Toss*:—in the year 1790, we find in his Lordship's stable, *Sir Charles*, *Musquito*, *Impudence*, *Tully*, and *Kiss my Lady*, bought of Sir John Lade:—*Pilgrim* he bought of Mr. Bullock:—*Little Flyer*, and the two famous horses, *Chanticlear* and *Seagul*, were purchased of Mr. Fox, at four thousand guineas, with their engagements. Lord Barrymore availed himself of the possession of such capital horses, and made many matches and engagements with them, and won large sums of money. In the autumn of the year 1792, Lord Barrymore sold *Chanticlear* to the Duke of York, for two thousand seven hundred guineas, the value of the horse was increased by four judicious matches made by Lord Barrymore against Lord Grosvenor's *Asparagus*, for 500 guineas each. In the year 1791, his Lordship purchased of Mr. Bullock, *Moses*, *Putt*, *Old Gold*, and *Halbert*; he bought also *Tree Creeper*, from Mr.

Mr. Panton, and several others. From the above list it will appear that no person ever possessed so many capital horses in so short space of time as Lord Barrymore; and the curious may satisfy themselves by a reference to the Racing Calendar, that no one ever managed them with more judgment, or engaged them oftener, or more successfully.

With this great establishment at Newmarket, and at so early a period of life, the punctuality with which he made his payments to the different dependants employed in and about his stables was wonderful, and proves indisputably, that in the midst of pleasureable pursuits, his Lordship paid an uncommon attention to the happiness of the people employed in his service; this is an incontrovertible truth, which his training grooms, his riders, his boys, and the numerous tradesmen he employed at Newmarket, must subscribe to; and it is a bold but true assertion, that no gentleman with an establishment equal to that of Lord Barrymore's at Newmarket, ever quitted the turf, leaving so few demands upon his executors!

Lord Barrymore was remarkably successful at racing, and, in the issue, a great gainer, but those advantages which he acquired upon the turf, were generally lost in the card-room in the evening.—He was too volatile,

too much upon the wing of thought, to encounter the experienced players of the Macaroni-room: he betted very deep at whist, with the greatest players of the present day; who can wonder that he was unsuccessful when engaged against the attentive Duke of Bedford, the judicious Mr. Vernon, the all-comprehending Mr. Fox, and the indefatigable General Smith? His Lordship also often played at *quinze* with equally bad success: one evening he lost at this game two thousand eight hundred guineas; and repeatedly very large sums:—he did not sufficiently consider the disadvantage of engaging against consummate experience, and the difficulty of playing with a prospect of success against gentlemen who were in the constant habits of exercising their faculties, to derive all honorable advantages from the judicious playing of the game:—the *quinze* table at Newmarket is generally attended by Mr. Fox, General Smith, Mr. Sneyd, Mr. Church, and occasionally by most of the members of the Jockey Club.

Many instances have occurred when accidental neglect has been productive of serious advantage.—During the October meeting at Newmarket, in 1791, the Duke of YORK and Lord BARRYMORE were playing the game of *All Fours* for a considerable sum:—the game stood thus, the Duke was *five*, and Lord Barrymore

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eight,

eight, consequently the former wanted *five* points, the latter only *two*—Lord Barrymore dealt, and the Duke, who had taken a glass of Burgundy too much, overlooked his cards, and in a very extraordinary manner begged one, which was granted, though he held the *ace*, *deuce*, and *jack* of trumps; and Lord Barrymore the *king* and *trois*. The Duke played his *deuce*, which was won by Lord Barrymore's *trois*; who then played his *king*, which the Duke captured with his *ace*, and by that means got *all fours*, and won the party, though the odds against such an event taking place were as ten pounds to half a crown.

It has been imagined, that he won a great sum of money from Mr. Fox at Newmarket, in consequence of the nervous orator's wearing polished steel buttons on his coat, which reflected the cards in his hand.

I believe, in matching his horses on the turf, occasions were fought and taken to touch his nerve of irritability; and by artfully undervaluing some part of his stud, to make him indiscreet and inclined to back it for more than it could perform. Whenever the subject of *racing* was started in conversation, I satyred the pursuit in terms as keen as my imagination, combined with detestation, could furnish. I have known two gentlemen, very familiarly, who have both lost vast sums of money

at

at Newmarket, and who equally *boasted* to me of the unconcern with which they discharged the enormous obligations; I mean Lord BARRYMORE and Mr. FULKE GREVILLE. An intimate with Lord GROSVENOR informed me very lately, that his Lordship had won more great bets than any member of the Jockey Club in his time; and yet, on a moderate calculation, connecting all the advantages with all the expences, he was *minus* two hundred thousand pounds. This is running into the Devil's Ditch with a vengeance!

Yet all this, apparent madness—these intersecting flights from the Sweating-room to the Betting-post: from Ditch-in to the Four Mile Course; and finally, to the castle of Suicide, *Banco Regis*, or the Bilboes, may answer some salutary end which Reason cannot desert!—perhaps it is an intellectual probation expedient for future purposes.—We are all obliged to be adhesive with the Devil in some way or other; the only difference is, that the knavish are empowered to ride upon his back, while the meek and the deserving are compelled to pull him by the tail!

Newmarket and its *sports*, as they are termed by the thoughtless sprigs of humanity, have been the cause of more ruin to my best friends, both in mind and purse, than the combined dilapidations made by Law, Physic,

and the Priesthood!—I went from Cambridge to this emporium of Folly to visit Lord Barrymore, in the spring of 1791, where I was driven, with the celerity of a whirlwind across the course, to behold a Duke and a Highwayman becoming debtor and creditor; and the only language I heard, during the pastime, was conveyed in four vehement ejaculations: *viz.* *Damme, Skyscraper* against the field—Done, done—here they are—there they go!—But it is to be expected that such fooleries are on the decline. Like the absurd extravagancies of the *Meynell* subscription hunt; where a boot jack, a tent bed, the corner of a stable, a few dinners, and many wild incitements to kill a horse or break his own neck, will cost the subscriber an annual thousand pounds!

Alas!

Can man,

Whose being's but a span,

Be such an ass?

In going from *Wargrave* to *Cants Hill*, where we passed two very agreeable days with Sir JOHN LADE and his family, he very seriously asked me, if I thought it possible for any individual, with mental health, to be an Atheist? I replied, that I believed it possible for a
man

man to become a temporal demon; but until I could discover, that the profession of Infidelity made us happier men and more kind neighbours, I should continue in the old-fashioned system of Theology. I have observed much scurrility in various publications directed towards Sir JOHN LADE; but as far as I can form a judgment on the human character, he is hospitable, inoffensive, and worthy.

Lord Barrymore was the most apt and successful person in beginning and pursuing a social species of imposition called *humbugging*, I ever sat with or observed. There was an innocent deceit practised at *Wargrave* upon all strangers, ycleped *The Brogue Makers*; it was thus: one of the gentlemen was requested by the noble host to sing the song of *The Brogue Makers*, at the same time preparing the unknowing and unsuspicious visitor to expect a high treat of wit and humor. The chaunter, after many apologies for his hoarseness, began, in a loud key, the supposed song, "There were three jolly Brogue Makers." At the conclusion of the line he was interrupted by one opposite, who affirmed, that was not the tune. After some few distant remarks upon the rudeness of stopping a gentleman in his song, who was at best laboring to oblige the company, he began again, and was again stopped by another in the same place, with an objection still
more

more harsh. These interdictions operating strongly to the disappointment of the stranger, who had been taught to expect some very comic effusion; and who had been sitting with his mouth half open, in the very zenith of high-wrought desire, he generally addressed Lord Barrymore upon the propriety or impropriety of such interferences; who constantly fortified his received disgust by declaring, that the stranger's remonstrance was just, that he was extremely sorry the general entertainment was protracted by such indecent conduct, and concluded by desiring the songster to begin again, to oblige the stranger and himself, if no other gentleman. In obedience to this summons, the song was again begun, and again opposed by some remark more rude than the preceding. This generally formed the climax of the visitor's resentment; who rose, with great indignation, and applied some intolerable epithet to the person who had been instrumental in destroying the harmony of the evening. This was the cue for a contest; both parties instantly stripped to decide the dispute, *a la Mendoza*, on the spot: but before any blow was given, each combatant had his arms pinioned behind him by the company until Lord Barrymore had addressed the stranger, by very gravely assuring him, that the celebrated ballad of *The Brogue Makers* was begun, comprehended, and concluded

cluded in one line; that the whole affair was a humbug; that the gentleman he was going to fight was one of the most polished men in existence; and that he longed for nothing so much as the opportunity of taking him by the hand, and paying him every civility imaginable. Here a general laugh ensued, the parties rehabilitated themselves, and the visitor hid his chagrin as well as he could.

We recollect the fallacious pleasantries practised by the wits of the *Coalition*, upon the Marquis of LANSDOWNE and Mr. PITT; in which instance each party, by receiving a letter, as they imagined, from the other, flew to their respective houses, for the purpose of effecting a political reconciliation with a professed enemy, and from whence at the *eclaircissement* each returned hanging his ears in dismay!—and the more recent trick put upon Mr. DUNDASS, who wrote officially to the Chief Magistrate of the City, that he had received an express from Indostan, confirming the public hope relative to the capture of Seringapatam; though it eventually proved to be a roguish deception conveyed from Bristol to humbug the chap-fallen secretary!

While Mr. MURPHY was editor of a periodical paper, called the *Auditor*, established in opposition to the

the *North Briton*, to support the Earl of B——, he had been on a visit to Miss ELLIOT at Kew, and remained so long, that he had not time to compose the necessary matter: in some perturbation he called upon the publisher, Mr. KEARSLEY, who consoled him by producing a correspondence equal to the required portion of copy—he run over the manuscript cursorily, and felt himself happy and honored by the communication, which it is supposed was fabricated between Mr. WILKES and Mr. CHURCHILL: the subject was plausibly singular; it was a congratulation on the advantages we had obtained over France, by negociation, in ceding some of the West India Islands, in exchange for the province of Florida in North America, which the writer affirmed, contained in its interior parts vast quantities of turf, which must lay the basis of a very lucrative commerce between the subjects of Great Britain and France.—Poor MURPHY caught at the delusive bait, and published the letter with pride and avidity: the unlucky consequence of which was, that the story of the Florida turf became the theme of general laughter! I do not insert this, with the view of depreciating Mr. MURPHY, who has considerable talents, but merely to prove, that the most wary and wise are not exempt from imposition; that we are frequently
most

most deceived when we think ourselves most secure, and that even life itself is but a humbug upon a more complex plan!

During the last three years of his life, he became an indefatigable cricketer, and so zealous was he in this amusement, as in every other that governed him for the time, that he suffered no impediments that the elements could throw in the way, to prevent him from playing a match out when it had been commenced: he has frequently played for four hours together in the country, in a heavy and continual shower of rain!—the mortification he expressed at being over-matched, or losing the game by any means, was strikingly evident in his features, for he was remarkably silent on the subject of his own merits or his own misfortunes, if losing a match at cricket can be thus noted.—He was much attached to the Brighton Cricketers, and, I believe, won five hundred guineas from Mr. HARVEY ASTON, who backed a part of the *Hamilton Club*, and others, at *Lord's Cricket Ground*, at Mary-le-bone. On the day he perished, his footman JAMES (and a more faithful and respectful servant never followed a gentleman) had been ordered by his Lordship to procure eighteen of the best *bowlers* and *batters* in the neighbourhood of *Rye*, to make a party in the following week: but, alas! Death bowled

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down

down his own wicket before his desires could be fulfilled.

In the earlier stage of his life, he gave, perhaps, too much open encouragement to the *Bruisers* of the day: but the vulgar and scandalous idea that he ever admitted one to his table, is a direct falsehood, fabricated, among many others, by some wretch or wretches whom he may have chastised for impertinence, and who took this diabolical, though secure method of revenge!—There were at one period, at the *George* at *Wargrave*, Johnson, Big Ben, Hooper the Tinman, the two Wards, and Jackson!—this was previous to the battle which Hooper fought with a west-country Bargeman, whom he completely *did over*, in his own phraseology, in twenty minutes, though both parties were equally young and spirited; the Tinman weighing not quite eleven stone, and the Bargeman sixteen: this battle was arranged by the lovers of pugilism, as one of the greatest triumphs of skill over strength, that ever occurred. Lord Barrymore betted a large sum of money upon Johnson and Big Ben, at Banbury in Oxfordshire, when the former fought Perrins, the Birmingham Giant, and Big Ben fought Jacombs.—Lord Barrymore was on the stage with some other persons of distinction during the contest, and it was imagined by all, from the shifting and falling

falling of Ben, that he would get the worst of it; the mob hissed Ben as he sat upon the stage for what they supposed cowardice, and Lord Barrymore, thinking of his money, reproached Ben for his seeming want of manhood, when the rough-hewn hero looking archly at his Lordship, growled out in his hoarse accents: "Vhy, " my Lord, you a'nt up to my gossip, I can beat un " when I please, don't mind me, I tell you I am only " *kanoupering*."

Full often have Lord Barrymore and I wandered over the metropolis, when the cares of the plebeian were hushed in sleep—full often have we heard the chimes at midnight, and rambled into every cellar, watch-house, and nocturnal receptacle from Saint James's to Dark-house-lane, not for the purpose of partaking in the debaucheries, but to observe the varied orders and desires of mankind.—In one of those lunar peregrinations we entered a low gambling-house, where the fraudulent, the necessitous, and the dupe associate to rob and be robbed—to those who never witnessed a scene of this tendency, all description must fail to convey a true idea of the miscreantic, pallid, hell-born, pestilential group—wild laughter, execration, and gnashing of teeth, agitate the ill-doomed wretches, as good or ill-luck prevails:—it struck me as the gully-hole of breathing filth.—We had

not been there long before a bustle commenced, between two iron-muscle fellows and a well-dressed young man, who had the semblance of distraction in each eye, from whom, it appeared, they had won a considerable sum, which he refused to discharge:—the noise brought in the watchman, who dragged him from his assailants, and perhaps from murder, while he exclaimed pathetically and loudly, “ Ah Fortune, Fortune, thou insatiate, thou
“ inexorable wh—e; you may make me *lose* thousands,
“ but I’ll be d——d if you shall ever make me *pay* a
“ shilling !”

Lord Barrymore and I visited Mr. ———, a few miles from Marlow, whose lady had died of a pleurisy not long before.—I was taught to expect the conversation of an extraordinary man, and in some sort, my expectations were gratified.—He invited us to dine with him, and we accepted the proposal: during the interchange of sentiments after dinner, a fourth person was announced, who proved to be the Undertaker of the family—after several bows on his part, more low than Superiority should exact, or Inferiority confer; and a few direct remarks upon the great scarcity of cash, he produced his bill of expences for the lady’s interment.
“ This is an enormous amount for burying a man’s
“ wife !” observed the widower: “ sixty-seven pounds
“ for

“ for laying a silent female horizontally ! why you must
“ have made some mistake.” “ Not in the least article,” prattled the coffinmonger : “ handsome hearse,
“ three coaches and six, decent well-dressed mutes, and
“ the best pall in the county ; nobody could do it for
“ less, your honor !” “ It’s a large sum Mr. ———,
“ but now I recollect, the poor woman would have paid
“ twice as much with cheerfulness to have buried me !
“ so I must not be behind her, you know, my Lord,
“ in a deed of kindness ; there is a draft on my
“ banker, Sir, write a receipt, and I wish you a good
“ journey.”

In the wildnesses of his juvenility he was in the habit of taking a hackney coach, with a few persons as wild as himself, and ordering the driver to go through Oxford-street ; while the carriage was proceeding, he would imitate the voice and shrieks of a woman in imminent distress ; exclaiming, “ you sha’nt, you villain ; I wont, “ you barbarian ; I’ll tear your eyes out :” as the voice of a female in misery ever did, and I trust ever will be tenderly interesting to a Briton’s bosom, those loud indications of ravishment quickly caused the coach to be stopped ; which was no sooner done, than the parties within leaped out, and drubbed the well-meaning interlopers

lopers for their ascribed impertinence, in arresting a carriage on the King's high-way.

His attachment to *Wargrave*, as a country residence, surprised me, as I could not discover any objects near it particularly alluring, except the Thames!—It is a mean, dirty village, situated in a hollow between the Bath and Oxford roads; the lanes are nearly impassable, and it has no market, yet in it are said to be the remains of a royal palace: it is mentioned as having been a burial place for the Saxon warriors.—The best apology for his predilection towards such a barren spot is, that it was the scene of his puerile ambition, where he vegetated from boyishness to youth:—the veneration we entertain for that hamlet, or even that tree, which we imagine, as a Hamadryad, has witnessed the gambols of our probation, is pleasant, but irreconcilable to mature thinking.—The late King was so fond of Hanover, that he even enjoyed its filthiness in idea! When riding through Brentford in dirty weather, the good old man was accustomed to say rapturously to his courtiers, “I do love ‘tis place, dis so like Yarmony.”

From Lord BARRYMORE's attendance on bruising matches, which, to their disgrace be it mentioned, was, a few years since, common to many of our nobility, he had

had acquired a pugilistic skill, which led him into affrays and contentions,

“That would have been more honor’d in the breach

“Than the observance.”

When driving his phaeton on the Bath road, the waggons would not unfrequently interrupt him by their unaccommodating obstinacy; if, on such occasions, the driver used any harsh epithets, he leaped from his carriage, and fought the man—if Lord Barrymore was the victor, he generally gave the fellow a guinea; if he was worsted in the encounter, he always shook his antagonist by the hand, and wished him better manners, and a good journey.

Disappointments in trivial or momentous wishes, seldom ruffled the reflective surface of his mind.—I have sometimes thought he affected apathy to appear above the incidental visitations of Chance!—To his relatives he was indiscriminately generous, and to his servants complacent and kind.—When W——e’s daughter married without his consent, he roared about the P——s’s refectory, like a Westphalian Polyphemus: thundering through all the avenues, “Vat a dam bish, my own
“ shile too; bud she mos alway fond of reading boedry;
“ dam boedry—mut she shall never have a stiver of
“ mine:

“ mine: I do now swear by Cot, I will cut off my own
“ bolsteriors mid a shilling.”

The under prompter at Wargrave, was a man with peculiar powers of humor, who could excite risibility without appearing to be regardful of the effect of his own whimficalities!—He was exactly what is understood by the epithet of a *dry rogue*—he has frequently afforded much merriment to Lord Barrymore, without feeling it.—I do not know what explication or term will suit his talent so well as *stupid pleasantry*!—In the article of drapery in general, this whisperer of the *cue* was not abundantly supplied; but as to shirts in particular, he had but one, and that was literally a *unique*.—As he occasionally mingled in the dramatic scene, as a walking gentleman, it was expedient on such emergencies to have that solitary shirt washed:—agreeably to such a measure, he leaped from his couch in the morning, in an unincumbered state of nature, and having dressed himself, as genteelly as his wardrobe would admit (though his rotund body was unconscious of linen) and buttoned up his coat to his neck, to elude the keen eye of Impertinence; he sent his shirt to the washerwoman, to be got ready at a stated hour, and to be so highly blanched that it might rival snow.—This indispensible

penfible point being fettled, he attended the rehearsals as ufual, and was very pompoufly giving his orders for the regulation of fome devils in a Pantomime, before us all, when a little girl came behind the fcenes with a message from the *blancheteuffe*, her mother:—" Mr. " —, my mammy has fent you your fhirt."—" What " has fhe wafhed it already, my dear, in two hours? " damme, that is expedition."—" No, fir, fhe has not " wafhed it."—" Not wafhed it, you diminutive flut, " what is the meaning of that?"—" My mammy fays as " how, it's fo old and rotten fhe is afraid it will rub to " pieces in the wafhing-tub." " Poh, poh," replied the abaffied prompter angrily, with his face as red as the Saracen's at Aldgate, " you are a very foolifh child, and " your mother is a greater fool who fent you; go back " with it to your foap-teazing dam, and tell her, if fhe is " ignorant of ways and means I will inftitute her; as the " fhirt is fo fine, that fhe is afraid of committing it to " the tub with coarfer veflements, bid her pin it on the " wall, and throw water at it!"

In the dining-room, at the dwelling-houfe, there was a large niche in the wall, which had a fub-communication with the kitchen and cellar, this contrivance was very ufeful in the winter months, as by that method, which had the appearance of necromancy, the dinner,

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wines,

wines, and desert were almost instantaneously placed upon the table, without the company being disturbed by the bustle of a number of servants, opening the door of a small room, and annoying each other, in common with the guests, in the distribution of the viands.

I never observed him either petulant or pertinacious—his urbanity worked as an effectual dissuasive from the indulgence of an ungentlemanlike emotion—he was too fond of notoriety, and too regardless of vulgar opinion—he would suffer that scandal to gain strength, which he could have crushed in the origin—he would say, with a smile, as the mean rogues cannot make free with my purse, they are resolved to make free with my name; who knows to the contrary, but all this gross folly may be the fruit of their hunger and not of their antipathy; so if their vile trash can procure them a dinner, let them write and be d——d!—His enemies seemed to deny him that latitude for reformation, which is granted by the compassionate to all young men, whose fire has been more prevalent than their abstemiousness.—They even presumed to assert, that what had been, would be, and made the antecedent govern the subsequent!

As the vast objects, continually floating before every man's idea, are his own preservation and advantage, I am always much pleased with those who can engraft a consideration

sideration for others upon the growing trunk of their own prejudices.—I believe, were it possible to know the letter of our duty correctly, that it is expected, if not enjoined, by the awful cause of matter, that we should disseminate a material portion of the benefits derived from Fortune, among the indigent and the forlorn:—I do not think that Lord Barrymore had perused folios of divinity to learn this, though it formed the great outline of his private practise:—he had a Spirit that made a lodgment in his heart at the hour of his birth, who gave the alarm to his pulses, whenever it was expedient that he should bestow that purse upon Misery, which was intended for an importunate Creditor;—when the demands of Justice were suspended in favor of a petition from Distress!—though much of this doctrine may be irreconcilable to the received notions of a man of the world, it is perfectly correspondent with the wishes of those who combine a knowledge of what we are, with the intrusive anxieties of what we may be.

The self-blown importance of the inconsiderable, used to be a source of much mirth both to him and me.—Those “crows i’th’ gutter,” who will assume an air of grandeur, though they are filthy and ominous of evil!—every leperous Scroyle can find a solace within to reconcile it to its own baseness and repulsion—and stamp and

strut upon the surface of the planet, as if each foot could enact ruin! a being who does not possess so much innate merit as should embolden a flea to look with firmness at a Taylor, shall stalk with more perpendicular gravity, among his fellows, than Lord Burleigh, after his Queen in council had called him wise and bold!

Lord Barrymore was not permitted to pass through the spell-fraught circumrotation of dancing fashion, without suffering dismemberment from the genteel villany of domestic plunder!—Pharo had not an establishment in the *upper* circles, to which he was not most pressing invited.—I called upon him at his hotel one morning, when a servant brought him a card of invitation to become a sacrifice at a similar altar, from a lady whom, as I know to be benevolent, I was abashed to find mercenary.—As the point of time interfered with a preconcerted arrangement, he asked me, jocularly, if he should go to the well-dressed banditti in ——— Square.—My reply was, that were I in his situation I should hold it as a debt due to my own integrity and wisdom, to consider if I had a tradesman unpaid, before I offered a note from my pocket-book to the rapacity of nefarious elegance.

Though Lord Barrymore's end was premature, there are many who outlive themselves, or in other words,
their

their consistency of action!—there is a time in every man's life, when it is necessary for the preservation of his good name, that he should expire: as many from the remote but undermining approaches of lunacy, perpetrate incongruities which materially injure their reputation;—though if the circumstance was duly weighed, it might repeatedly appear, that the mental faculties had been sufficiently bruised to warrant an impropriety, though that injury of the judgment was not self-demonstrated to common observation!

Lord Barrymore was very fond of circumnavigating, or, as he called it, taking measure of the understanding of the common people in the country;—the following whimsical dialogue took place between him and a garrulous old woman, at Abingdon in Oxfordshire, who did not know his name or his quality:—"I am told, " Madam, that Mr. Esculapius, the apothecary of your " town is dead, and that Mr. Boreas has married the " widow." " Lord, Sir, I never heard of such folk, " there was an outlandish person that travelled this coun- " try some years ago, with some such a cramp name " as Borus, but I am told he is settled in the north." " He did wisely, Madam, as he could not find any point " in the compass so congenial to his purposes: suffer " me to ask you likewise, if you ever see any of his " children

“ children in these parts, Master Zephyrus, or Favonius,
“ or the little Breezes ?” “ He never had but one *foti*,
“ Sir, and they say he lives at Lunnun, in Houndst-
“ ditch.” “ That is as much as to say, Madam, the
“ young gentleman is gone to the dogs.” “ Nan!”
“ My dear Lady, I did not mean that for a Nan, but a
“ Sally.” At this instant a very tall man, and a very
little woman behind him, rode by on horseback: “ Who
“ may those gallant personages be, Madam ?” continued
Lord Barrymore, “ or in other words, what are their
“ names? they are richly caparisoned upon their pal-
“ frey, and bump upon the saddle with becoming grace.”
“ Their names is *Tattersal*, your honor, would you be-
“ lieve they are mon and wife, I saw them married by
“ our wicar, with these eyes: for my part, I think it a
“ burning shame, so it is, to join such a tall gawky with
“ such a bit of a woman as that.” “ You are wrong in
“ your ideas, Madam, totally wrong:—Hymen has
“ been peculiarly just in ordering this business; he has
“ given TIT for TAT.”

One of the jocund party, not proverbial for his fop-
peries, having returned from hunting during dinner, in
a more dishevelled and negligent state than usual, being
incrusted with the mud of the country, from his cap to
his boots, it was secretly proposed to *roast* him, or in
plainer

plainer language, to make him run the gauntlet of satiric observation: "Why I am told you are the boldest hunter in the country," said a person opposite to the victim. "You are *ironing* me," replied the other seriously. "That is d——d hard indeed," added Lord Barrymore, "to *iron* you before they *washed* you." "If you don't *mangle* me," retorted the party, "I am content."

He began to perceive that the unlimited expectations of youth, corresponded so ill with the vulgar events of life, that it appeared as if the imagination was unremittingly employed in embodying aerial images of pleasure, which constantly vanished at the slow approaches of Truth!—I have often supposed that Good and Evil sported among us in masquerade attire, and we were deluded into preferring the semblance for the substance!—this supposition is analogous to our mistakes in the direction of our applause.—Which is the more estimable character, the Spendthrift or the Miser? if the Spendthrift can by any honorable means abrogate his pecuniary obligations, he will be unquestionably the more useful man in society:—what concerns himself cannot be individually momentous to the public: yet what concerns a Miser is, as he withholds that damning trash in his coffers, which was only rendered valuable for the
general

general benefit!—but the majority of the world are so eager to be dissatisfied, it is rarely that the very best intentions, independent of thoughtlessness, can receive due credit from their award!

Notwithstanding I am convinced that Reason should give its sanction to the laws of Virtue, yet a moral disposition may be evinced by those who are fundamentally just, but actually and visibly improper!—it is a lamentable proof of our insufficiency and want of circumspection, that none can insure approbation but the flagitious dissembler—we scarcely ever hear any individual reported by the multitude as a good sort of man, but those who never did good to any but themselves.—The unthinking who cherish the unfortunate in the same moment that they violate policy, will be arraigned for rashness, perhaps injustice; while those who never cherish any, or violate the decorum of speculative Prudence shall be recorded and supported as imitable and wise!

Though caution too often forsook him in the delirium of prosperity, yet his integrity was undiminished. Experience had got a debenture upon his manners for the unborn year!—he would have been most just, when the ebb of duty had returned upon his understanding.—This disorganization of his finances, was succeeded by a pensiveness, arising from reflection, that would have operated

operated to the total banishment of all the ephemeral vanities of ardent youth. As most ecclesiastics are indebted for their importance (I shall not at present say any thing as to their virtue) to an ideal demon; so do the frost-bitten rascals in the suite of Temperance, gather all their alledged worth from the impetuosity of those high metalled profligates who, in the fever of their blood, prefer the gratification of Nature, to a religious observance of the apothegms of circumspective Fraud.

I have heard much document from the Grey Beards of society, delivered to prove that it is expedient *to have old heads upon young shoulders*.—Yet in opposition to this favorite proposition of the elders, I will presume to believe, that the happiness as well as beauty of youth, are as well preserved by the several heads remaining in the usual state—the Spring, the Summer, the Autumn, and the Winter of Life, should have each its accompanying propensities.

“ Nature, who form’d the varied scene,
“ Of rage, of calm, of frost and fire;
“ Unerring guide, could only mean
“ That age should reason—youth desire.
“ Shall rebel casuists then presume,
“ Inverting nature’s laws, to seize
“ The dues of age in youth’s high bloom,
“ And join impossibilities?”

Though Lord Barrymore was fond of having the bottle circulated freely at his table, he was not himself

a deep drinker. In whatever regarded the removal of hunger and thirst, he could be readily accommodated, as a beef steak and a pint of port wine formed the whole of his dinner through the greater portion of the year.

When he first started, in his minority, with his stag-hounds, and their sporting embellishments, I am informed, that as he took the field, it looked like the hunting establishment of Louis the Fourteenth at *Fontainebleau*, more than the exuberant retinue of a British subject! In his train were four Africans, superbly mounted, and superbly dressed in scarlet and silver, who were correct performers on the French horn; and who occasionally, in the woods and the vallies, gladdened Diana with Handel's harmony, and at once alarmed and pleased the browsing herds within the compass of the mellifluous sound.

Lord Barrymore had such expression in his eye, and so much sarcasm in his language, that an *imbecile* man could not be happy in his society. His replication to the questions of the intrusive was terse, irresistible, and severe. I believe, on many such occasions, he found it truly difficult to reconcile the required forbearance of a gentleman with the emotions of the feeling man! How unlike was he to the existing tyrants to merit! the blockheads of potency, who, being insignificant themselves,

felves, will only protect insignificant slaves, who bellaver them with lying encomiums and abominable idolatry.

His mode of sleeping was rather peculiar: whether travelling or at home, his methods on this point were invariable. The first thing his servant did, was to sew the sheets to the blanket, that they might not rub against his face in the night, and disturb him, for he was delicately irritable. The next part of his care was directed to the finding out any window or crevice that would admit the light, that he might take such measures as should prevent the rays from illuminating the apartment at the reascension of Aurora; for so great an aversion had Lord Barrymore to any thing like light in his bed-chamber, that he could not have rested in peace had there been an ember left in the grate sufficiently red to have enflamed a robber's match! The windows were covered with blankets three deep, and his chamber appeared like the most gloomy of the cemeteries in the house of Death.

He composed the following institutes for a social establishment, upon a new plan:—

Rules, to be observed by the MARBLE CLUB,
held monthly, at the sign of the World's End, at
Leatherhead, in Surrey.

1st Rule. That there should be no more members admitted into the room than it could hold!

2d. Resolved, That this amicable society should have two anniversary dinners every year!

3d. Resolved, If any member has more sense than another, he is to be kicked out of company.

4th. Resolved, That any man who could not tell his right hand from his left, after being asked three times, shall be denied the honors and privileges of this society.

5th. Resolved, That no member of this society shall presume to eat garlick, unless it can be proved that he likes it better than any other vegetable.

6th. Resolved, That no member shall marry, until he comes to the years of discretion; and as that is a desperate hope, it is recommended to all to live Bachelors.

7th. Resolved, If any curate, being a member of this club, builds a church out of his private pay, he is to be branded as the outcast of policy, and sent handcuffed to his Discesan.

8th. Resolved, That every man, who is more ugly than his neighbour, shall pay a fine of three-pence monthly, to be expended in tobacco; unless his wife swears that he is a better man than he appears to be.

9th. Resolved, That every member, who has two ideas, shall be obliged to give one to his neighbour.

A few summers since, he made a bet with the Duke of York, at the Marine Pavilion at Brighthelmstone, which

which should walk farthest into the sea; each waded in the presence of a multitude of spectators, to a great distance; but at length his Royal Highness, not being so tall as his Lordship, was so tormented with the surge, that he was obliged to give up the contention and lose his wager.

In the same year, at the same place, a singular adventure was noted, which might have been attended with fatal consequences—I do not arrange it as an event receiving my approbation, but to shew the variety of his resources, in the pursuit of what he denominated *Fun!*—He made his footman FRANK put on a coffin, which was buckled to his body, with the foot-board out; this was carried with great solemnity, by himself and others, who knocked at Mr. P——y's door, on the Steyne, and left the coffin upon the steps; when the maid servant opened the door and saw, as she supposed, the dead body of a man, she shrieked and fainted away: the noise alarming the family, they all rushed out, armed with poker, tongs, and a loaded pistol;—FRANK, with much difficulty, effected his escape, by leaping over some rails, after the pistol had been discharged, and the ball had perforated the coffin but an inch above the poor fellow's head.

As he was preparing to go full dressed to the Prince
of

of Wales's Levee, in 1790, two bailiffs came to his house in Piccadilly, disguised as jockeys, and arrested him at the suit of his taylor, for several hundred pounds;—when the demand was settled, it was imagined by the son of the Sheers, that he had lost his Lordship's custom for ever, by such a decisive and harsh proceeding; but he reckoned without his host, as Lord Barrymore sent for the man, in the succeeding month, and ordered several suits, the amount of which he made the taylor calculate in his presence, and then gave him a bank note for more than the sum, declaring he was not in the least offended with him for enforcing the payment of a debt, which was perhaps necessary to preserve him and his family from destruction!—This is an indubitable fact, and explanatory of an excellent heart!

Lord Barrymore was a man, who would have travelled round the verge of possibility, rather than have been counteracted or disappointed in the most trivial desire of his heart!—He was very particular in the article of small beer—during the theatric *furor*, at Wargrave, this mild beverage run short, and he became miserable for a supply: the stores of his neighbours were opened, but their brewing did not please his palate—he in consequence dispatched three of his servants in post-chaises to Reading, to Henley, and to Maidenhead, with a
strict

strict charge not to return without a barrel of beer in each chaise! The service was duly performed, and the beer brought in triumph.

On a very rainy night, when the theatre was overflowing with company, a disagreeable circumstance happened, though attended with a comic incident:—An unfortunate fellow, who managed a hackney carriage from Reading, drove against the Reverend Mr. TICKELL's wall, in a state of inebriation, and was thrown off the box, and killed upon the spot.—One JOSEPH, a travelling conjurer, and his wife, were in bed at GUY's, an alehouse in the village, where some wags carried the dead body and put it between the snoring Israelite and his wife, who awoke in the morning and alarmed the neighbourhood with their cries—as the affair was reported, it was generally credited that the Jew had murdered the man for his property, but on a minute investigation, the miserable remnant of the tribe of Levi and his rib were permitted to return to the metropolis uninjured.

After a loud preface of, oh yes, pronounced most audibly three times, in the High Street at Newmarket, Lord Barrymore, having collected a number of persons together, made the following general proposal to the gapers:—Who wants to buy a horse that can walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen, and gallop twenty? I do, said

said Mr. B——k, with manifest eagerness; then said Lord Barrymore, if I see any such animal to be sold, I will be sure to let you know!

At Henley fair, a farcastic joskin approached him, and enquired, after scratching his head repeatedly, if he wanted to buy a choice gelding.—Is he good for any thing, said the Peer; very good, replied the clown, he has but two faults, my Lord;—well, my honest fellow, what is your demand?—Twenty guineas.—Well, now the bargain is struck, let me hear his brace of faults?—The first is, if you let him loose in a paddock, my Lord, you can't catch him—as to this impediment, said Lord Barrymore, I can obviate that, by never sending him to graze; but what is the other failing?—Why that, my Lord, to say the truth, is more distressing, for when you have caught him he is not worth the trouble!

When we were walking in the theatre, we overheard two men in close conversation, to which conference they called a third, for the express purpose of explaining or translating his Lordship's family motto, *Boutez en avant*, the spirit of which appeared to govern him so much through life:—"Canst thou tell what that there writing is, Tummus?" said the two former consultants to the third person.—"Why if I cas'nt I went to school at Shiplake for very little purpose I think: let me see;

" *Bou,*

Bou, Bow, *tez*, *tez*, Bowtez, that is Latin; *en*, *en*, aye and that's Latin too; *a* by itself a, *vant*, *vant*, *avant*; now what in the devil's name can that be? the two first words are Latin, I'll be sworn; but as for the other cramp word, if I can tell what that is, I'll be dom'd!

The adage, that delays are dangerous, was never more powerfully verified than by him, as seen through the medium of his transactions—his neglecting to seize the opportune moment, was frequently injurious to him in a very eminent degree!—yet I have known instances, where protraction has been attended with effects the most contradictory, varying according to the unsettled disposition of the first agents. When Mr. GARRICK wanted to purchase some houses in Drury-lane, from the late Duke of BEDFORD's steward, he waited upon him, communicated his wishes, and required to know the terms: as the steward well knew that the acquisition to Mr. GARRICK was nearly indispensable, who wanted to enlarge and lengthen the stage of the Old Theatre, he asked one thousand pounds:—one thousand pounds! exclaimed the British Roscius: no, no, Mr. PALMER, I will never give any such enormous sum, depend upon it; the stage shall remain with its inconveniences; and I wish you a good morning.—After a mature consultation with Mr. LACY, he returned to Mr.

P

PALMER,

PALMER, and offered the sum demanded for the purchase: but the steward was as artful as the manager, and seeing his eagerness in the affair, added five hundred pounds to the former sum: what, said GARRICK, half petrified, fifteen hundred pounds for a few houses as rotten as the linch pin of the world; no, may I be branded for an ass as long as I exist, if I ever give away my money in that manner: no, no, MASTER PALMER, you have got the wrong sow by the ear, I wish you a good day, sir!—Again he returned to LACY, and after a long examination of the expected advantages and disadvantages, involved in the acceptance or rejection of the proposal, it was finally determined to make the purchase upon the increased terms, and put an end to their mutual anxiety: full of this project, he invited Mr. PALMER to dine with him, under the hope that a glass of Burgundy would shake his cupidity: but he did not completely know his man, for when the subject was broached during the circulation of the bottle, Mr. PALMER froze the faculties of the joint-patentees, by assuring them that he had reconsidered the measure, and could not, consistent with his duty to his Lord, take less than two thousand pounds: two thousand pounds, belov'd GARRICK, why it is not six hours ago, that one half the sum would have been satisfactory: however, take

take the money and sign the articles, for if I delay five minutes more, you may possibly demand half my estate for the fee-simple of a huckster's *chateau*!

As some unqualified ideas of degeneracy have been annexed to Lord Barrymore's name, I think it incumbent to inform the world, that no man ever behaved with more circumspection, and more apparent dread of offending towards a virtuous woman, than himself; he thought, with all who think justly, that a good woman is the best of all possible good things; and as such, he united in his deportment towards them the regards for virtue with the restricted gallantries of a gentleman. The humble females whom he engaged to perform theatrically at *Wargrave*, from Mr. Thornton's company of Comedians, who travel that district, were treated, on all occasions, by him, with as much deference and attention as Ladies of primary distinction.

- “ I knew him as myself;
“ For we have convers’d, and spent our hours together:
“ And tho’ myself have been an idle truant,
“ Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
“ To cloath mine age with angel-like perfection;
“ Yet had he
“ Made use and fair advantage of his days:
“ His years but young, but his experience old;
“ His head unmelior’d, but his judgment ripe:
“ And in a word (for far behind his worth
“ Come all the praises that I now bestow)
“ He was compleat in feature and in mind,
“ With all good grace to grace a gentleman,”

HIS DEATH.

This popular, witty, and eminently gifted young nobleman, is now no more: the efficient cause of his destruction was one of those acts of benevolence and good-will towards others, which were hourly manifested in his limited passage through this world:—it was circumstantially as follows:—He was with his regiment, the *Berkshire Militia*, at *Rye*, when a party of French prisoners, to the number of sixteen, were ordered to be escorted to Deal; a serjeant and twelve men were destined for this purpose, but Lord BARRYMORE solicited Lord CRAVEN, the Major, for the command of the party, which was granted, and the number of soldiers increased to twenty in accordance with his military rank; when they had marched through Folkestone to the top of the adjoining hill he halted at a small public-house, to refresh his own men and the prisoners, with beer, and bread and cheese;—here Admiral MACBRIDE and General SMITH met his Lordship, and entered into conversation with him; he was in high spirits, and, I believe, promised to meet them at dinner either at Deal
or

or Dover.—Lord BARRYMORE, who had hitherto marched at the head of the party on foot, informed his *Valet de Chambre*, who drove his curricule in the rear, that he would procure a pipe of tobacco at the ale-house, and ride and smoak, while his servant drove:—while he remained in this house, he was extremely pleasant with the landlady, took a piece of chalk from the bar, and insisted upon marking the amount of the bill upon a slate, which hung behind the door, in the stenographic cyphers of a publican; and while doing this he imitated the language and manners of *Hob*, a dramatic character he was fond of personifying; at parting he drank a glass of brandy with his hostess, kissed her, leaped into the carriage, and gave his fuzee to this fellow, who placed it awkwardly between his legs, and they had not proceeded above fifty yards down the hill, when the piece suddenly went off, and the contents entered the right cheek of his Lordship, forced out the right eye, and lodged in his brain; the left arm of the man and his coat were burnt with the powder;—he was martyred in the act of pointing with his pipe, to shew his servant how plain the coast of France appeared in view.—Thus he fell, like a star from the firmament of brightness and peace, and in the very high-day of his jollity!

jollity!—from the moment that this disastrous event took place to his expiring, which was a period of forty minutes, he never articulated a word, but groaned incessantly, till his sensations ceased in death—

“Then crack’d the cordage of a noble heart.”

His piece was charged with swan-shot, with which he had been furnished by the turnpike-man, and he had been previously amusing himself with killing the gulls and rabbits, as he marched along!—there were a few drops of blood on the lining of his regimental cap, which fell off his head, as his body sunk upon the left side of the curricie, when the brains oozed upon the wheel through the lacerations in the cheek, until his coachman, who rode behind the carriage, eagerly removed his master’s head, and replaced his right eye in the socket.—He was reconveyed to the public-house he had recently quitted; and a surgeon was brought from Folkstone, at the desire of Colonel ST. JOHN, with all possible expedition: but, alas! both skill and attention were equally fruitless; his pulse gradually slackened, and his extremities stiffened:—this was a scene of horror, both to his own company and their prisoners, who all shed tears abundantly over the yet warm body of their common friend.

The

The Coroner sat on his remains on Friday the 8th of March, and brought in their verdict—*Accidental Death*.—All the officers and men belonging to his regiment, have borne the most honorable testimony to his merits, by repeated proofs of the utmost pungency of grief for his misfortune.

A similar account of this catastrophe was copied orally at Mr. HAMMERSLEY'S, from Mr. SETON, his Lordship's solicitor, by Mr. SHERIDAN, who kindly took that unerring method to counteract the suggestions of the envious and the malevolent, who had, without knowing the progress of the fatal event, insinuated broadly that his demise was not altogether compatible with the ideas of a man of virtue!

His remains were interred on Sunday, March 17th, in the chancel of the church at *Wargrave*.

If I should be called upon to compose his monumental record, I will not be his panegyrist, but his historian: I will not indite his sepulchre with that adulatory language, which I disdained to offer him when living—I will not aver that he was perfect, but I will insist that he was good.

“Where be his gibes and his jests now; his flashes of

“Merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?”

He

He is now gone, poor gentleman, to discover the truth of those governing positions for the mind, which, as a Dowager Queen of Prussia observed, neither Cartesius, Saint Augustine, nor Leibnitz, could with precision illustrate. The fall of such a man, with the liberal few who could see his meaning through his deed, is a stunning blow to their tranquility. Like the passing away of summer to the fly, it is a solacement departed, that, perhaps, may never similarly return during the flutterings of the cheerless insect. What a lesson is offered, by his vicissitudes, to the heedless, the frantic, and the proud! Let them reflect, and be happier. They who willingly throw themselves for repose into the arms of Luxury, are soon impelled to declare, like Montezuma, "this is not a bed of roses." Where extraneous seduction is employed to awaken an appetite to pleasure, the completion of enjoyment is but the prelude to the advances of Languor and Discontent. In every different delineation of morals, there is one point steadily enforced, viz. *To respect yourself*. One would think that the association of some men begot a transmigration of principle and prejudice; and that the mind, like particular metals, imbibed a portion of the magnetic force of its elbowing agent.

IF

If any of the callow young men of distinction, who are hourly emerging into life, should gather so much caution from the derangements of Lord Barrymore as to resist the approaches of Extravagance, and the inconveniencies resulting from Prodigality, he will not have lived in vain. He certainly mistook the obligations of duty, as we should rather seek for esteem than admiration. The task of purification from error is, at best, an intricate effort, and the world is too ungenerous to admit a complete re-establishment of characteristic worth; mankind are too base and suspicious to believe the instantaneous abandonment of an habitual fault: too many derive comfort and significance from the imbecilities of their compeer, to subscribe otherwise than tardily to his regeneration.

Whatever were his weaknesses, and weaknesses we all have,

“ Let them be buried with him in his tomb,

“ But not remembered in his epitaph.”

Here let us ponder upon the brevity of life. Here let the inconsiderate ruminate upon the restricted state of humanity. With an ample revenue, a refined understanding, and the best heart imaginable, it was not possible for the lamented Subject of these remarks to protract his being, or acquire the general encomium of a

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polluted

polluted society! But his end was consonant with the most stern demands of Roman Virtue; he perished in an act of benevolence and the service of his country. Calamities like these wean us from all sublunary attachment. Who can be ostentatious, wicked, or uncharitable, with such instances of frailty and desolation in his view?

One evil too eagerly treads on the heel of another to shake our fortitude; while I am writing this paragraph the dismal account has arrived, that I have lost the most tender parent that was ever born; he was the paragon of human integrity; he lived without shame, and he died without fear. I would sooner have walked into a cannon's mouth than have given him intentional offence: his frown, like Prospero's rod, would have benumbed my faculties.—Now have I but little left to deprecate, and less to hope. Death has made a void in my bosom which Time can never so valuably fill up again.

"To-morrow, to-morrow, and to-morrow,

"Creeps in a stealing pace from day to day,

"To the last syllable of recorded time?

"And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

"To their eternal night! ———

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,

"That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

"And then is heard no more; ———

"Tis a tale, told by an ideot, full of sound

"And fury, signifying nothing!"

With

With our daily load of motley misery, what imperial reptiles we are! what inflated triflers! If I may judge from my sensations, I may antedate my existence ten years, from the irruption that my present agonies have made upon my nature!

THE END.

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